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THE NEW YORKER

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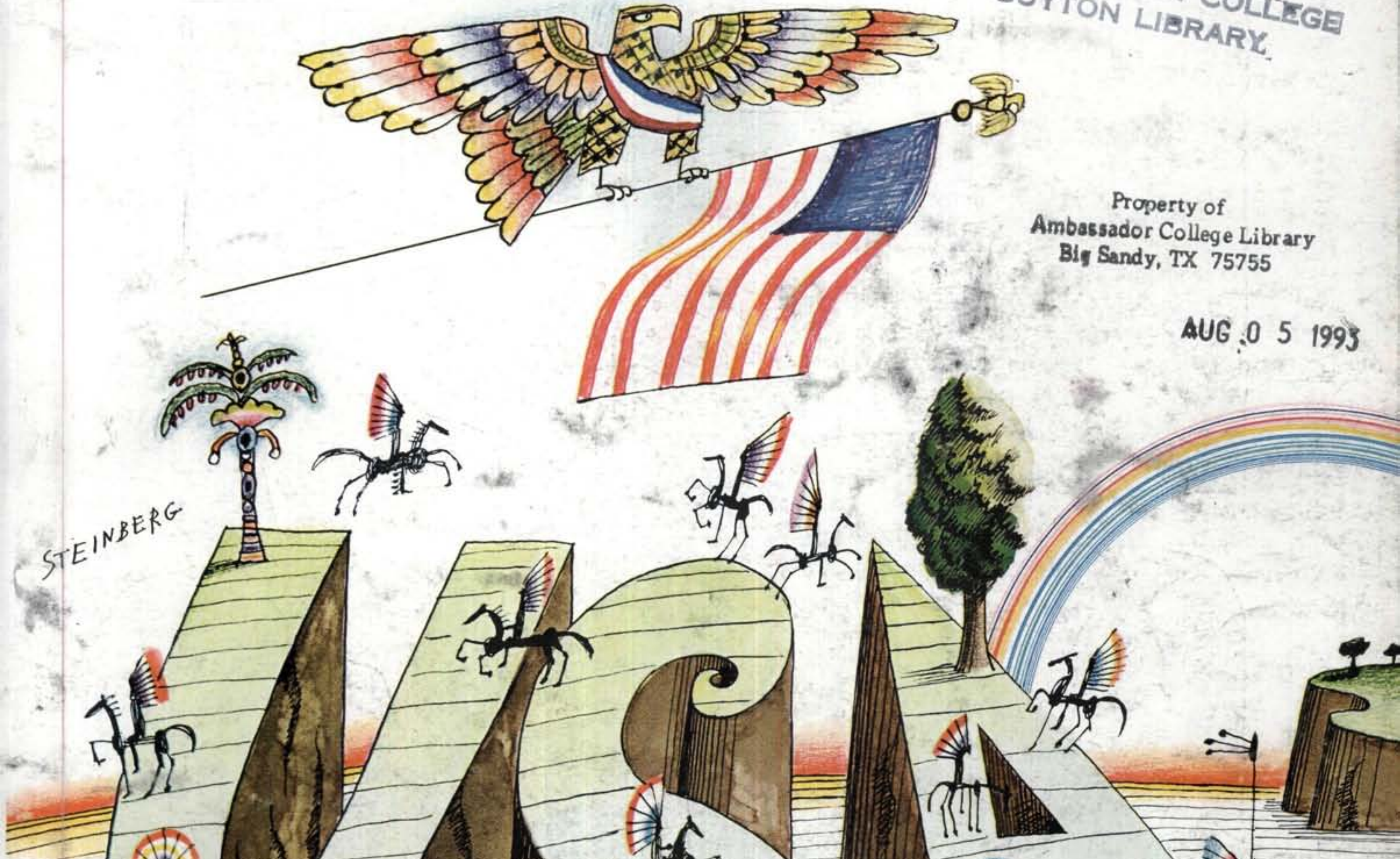

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLACK COMEDY—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, *in which dark is turned into light* by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

DON'T DRINK THE WATER—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark that is forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 3.)

THE HOMECOMING—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL—Neil Simon is something less than stimulating in this account of life among the bohemians of San Francisco. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Sheilah Wells comprise the cast, and they, *on the other hand, are commendably lively.* Starting, Monday, July 3, Paul Sand will replace Mr. Benjamin. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 3, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40. Matinées Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 2.)

MUSICALS

THE APPLE TREE—All about Eve and a couple of other females in a triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Hal Holbrook (filling in for Alan Alda, who will return Monday, July 3) and Larry Blyden lend her a deft hand. Mike Nichols directed, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except July 5, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

CABARET—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALLELUJAH, BABY!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams is fine in the leading role, and is aptly aided by Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I DO! I DO!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple *reënacting fifty years of happy married life.* The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

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ILLYA DARLING—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 1.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Gene Stratton Porter. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** Helen Gallagher (substituting for Gwen Verdon) as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

MUSIC THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30.)

ABSOLUTELY FREEEE—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presentations of **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

AMERICA HURRAH—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DRUMS IN THE NIGHT—It is doubtful whether this very early play by Bertolt Brecht would mean much even if the acting and translation were good. They are not. The action takes place during a Communist uprising in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Berlin immediately after the First World War. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Chub, club, cub, drub, dub, grub, hub, rub, scrub, shrub, snub, stub, tub, hubbub, sillibub. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 9.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. José Ferrer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—Gloria Foster and Alvin Epstein in Shakespeare's comedy. Opens Thursday, June 29. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—A comedy by Peter Ustinov, with Brian Bedford, Howard Da Silva, and M'el Dowd. Directed by John Dexter. Previews through Wednesday, July 5; special matinée Tuesday, July 4, and no matinée Wednesday, July 5. Opens officially on Thursday, July 6. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **the comedy of errors**, with Joe Bova, Julienne Marie, John Call, and Charles Durning, will be given through Saturday, July 1. . . . **king john**, with Robert Burr, Staats Cotsworth, Cavada Humphrey, and Marian Winters, will be the second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, July 5, and will run through Saturday, July 29. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

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Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **arabian nights**, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. Opens Saturday, July 1. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Thursday, July 6, to serve as a sounding board for Carmen McRae, whose free-lance variations on her arias are among the inventive wonders of the modern world. She will appear at dinner and supper; the local bandsmen, who keep longer hours, are under the management of the knowing Lee Evans.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The night mayors of a lot of neighborhoods, from Sutton Place to Times Square, convene and convive. The small band of Ernie Warren, a night mayor himself, urges them on from nine until two or three every night. No music Sundays or Mondays, or on Tuesday, July 4.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Standing on its dignity is the most vigorous exercise engaged in by the local restaurant, wherein a wee Cliff Hall staff puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Nothing funereal about the lilies here; they all have a gilt complex. So that they may dance, Lester Lanin and a set of followers, plus George Anaya's Latin band, keep up a steady fire hour after hour. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—For Mod, for country, and for Yale is the jaunty credo and sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue, for the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room returns to action on Wednesday, July 5, with Ann Hilton, a young lady given to song. She will chant at ten during the week and at nine and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will again be on hand, ready to proceed at a brisk, bountiful, and blithe pace. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which, by the way, will be closed Friday through Monday evenings, June 30-July 3. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. He stays home every Sunday, and on Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4, as well.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sky pilot at present is Benny Goodman, walking softly and carrying a big black licorice stick. He and his sextet will retire on Saturday, July 1, and on Wednesday, July 5, the quartet of the trumpeting Jonah Jones will arrive. The sound commences at seven (an alternate threesome is used for openers) and ceases at around two. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The news is good: Tony Pastor's sextet (through Saturday, July 1) and Bobby Hackett's All-Stars (through Wednesday, July 5). Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8, Don Ellis's twenty-one-man crew and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, another big group, will have the floor. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Summertime, when the living is easy, looks its best in the famous old palace and architectural museum. The palace guard is George Cort's pepperpot orchestra and Marco Rizo's little band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

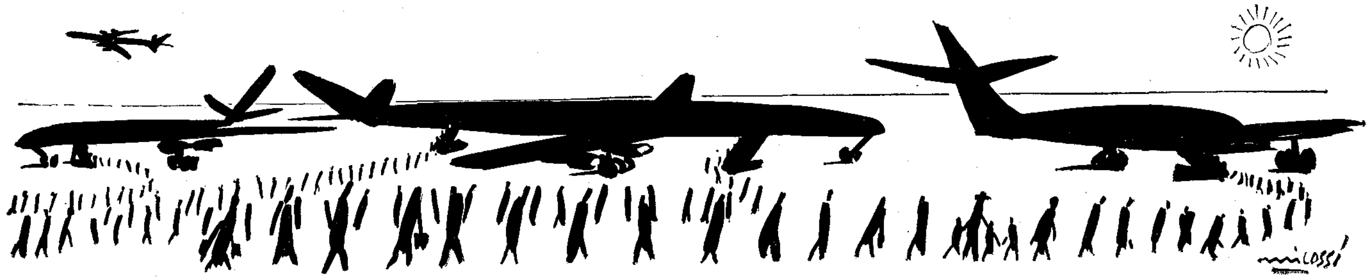
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—A not especially far country, wide open (on civilized nights, anyway) to the country air (or what passes for air), with eating, drinking, and being merry to the tunes called by Phil Wayne's city-bred quintet and a troupe of Latinos. The music carries on from around seven until around one. The games are all indoors ones on wet evenings.

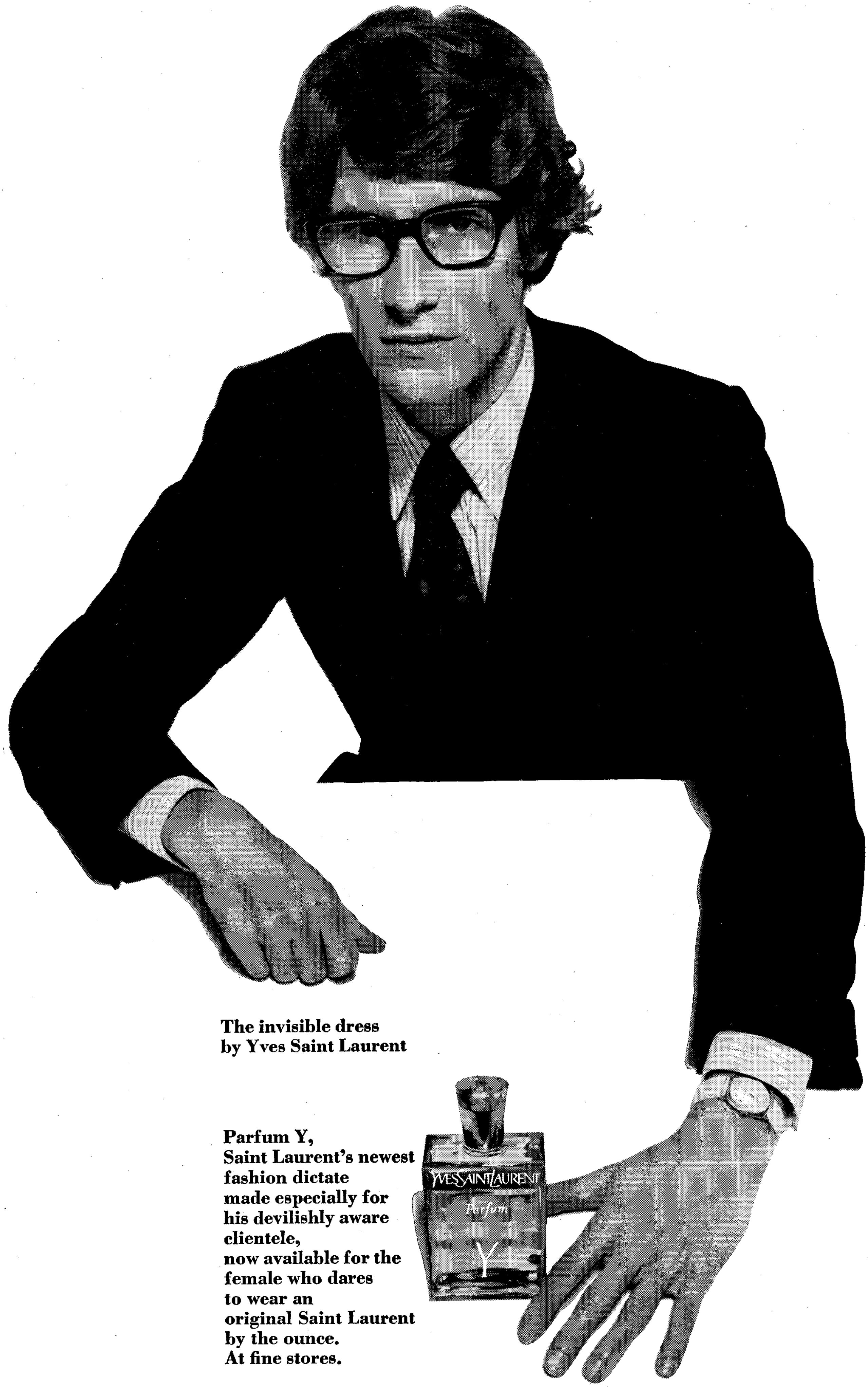
Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The playing fields of Eton, or something as large, and conducted with Etonian decorum (no Frug, no Fragmentation) by two endless big bands. No frills or folderol, either, and only smidgens of menu. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

chucks' composite, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. Closed Sunday, July 2. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the restaurant's a stage to the staff, and the scallopini arrives at table garnished with freehand Verdi. Sunday, July 2, is the last night of its season. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The

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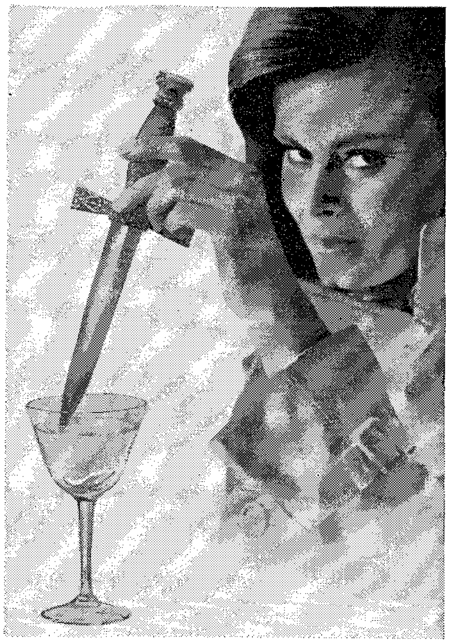

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week-nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sunday, and on Monday, July 3, the establishment shuts down for the summer. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): A forest primeval, apparently situated in early Tibet. Admirers of the past may observe certain fragments of the old Stork staff, admirers of the fine arts may listen, and dance, every Monday night, from nine o'clock on, to the adrenalin piano of Billy Rubenstein and his threesome, as well as (from six to eight Mondays through Fridays) to a crew involving Allan Haig and Phil Leshin. Most of the other music keeps its foot on the loud pedal. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4. . . . **KIPPYS,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday.

NOTE—Those who would like to have their ears pierced (for dancing, that is) are best off in this set of discothèques: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The Arthurian legend is still all true—entrance into this dynasty of din is just about by written permission only, and the irrational orbits of the patrons on their solo flights seem never to intersect at any point. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind the closely guarded wicket of this blithe Underground is a world of make-believe wherein seemly young people in make-believe costumery indulge in make-believe folk dancing. Amusing and bemusing—that's the ticket. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and, from nine-thirty to one, music room, too. The best of the music is the effervescent guitar of Enzio Lembo, whose off nights are Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park's peaceful pleasance, Steven Weltner turns out piano that is not just background for conversation but a conversation piece in itself. He operates from six-thirty until midnight. Friday, June 30, is the end of his stay. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place; hop, skip, and jump is the attitude of George Feyer's piano, which is on duty from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Saturday through Tuesday, July 1-4. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgather for talkative dining while self-propelled musicians (the worldly Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. Mr. Monjoy goes on holiday after Friday, June 30. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): A cenacle whose trappings imply that it is constructed of Turkish Delight. In one of its dining alcoves, a piano implies, from six to one, that the locale is really U.S.A. Closes for the summer after Saturday, July 1.

BIG AND BRASSY

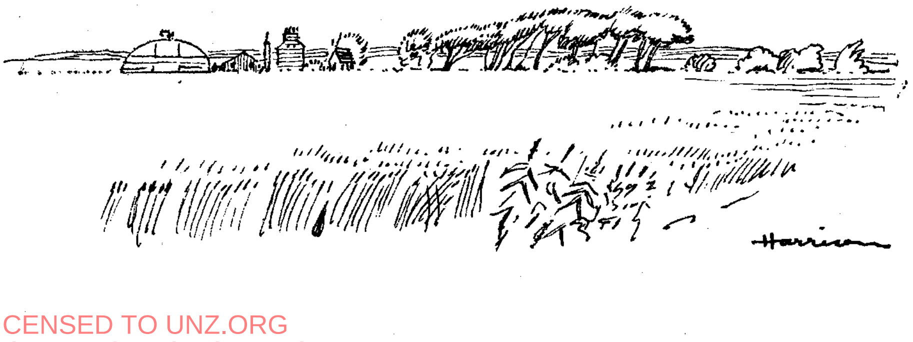
(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

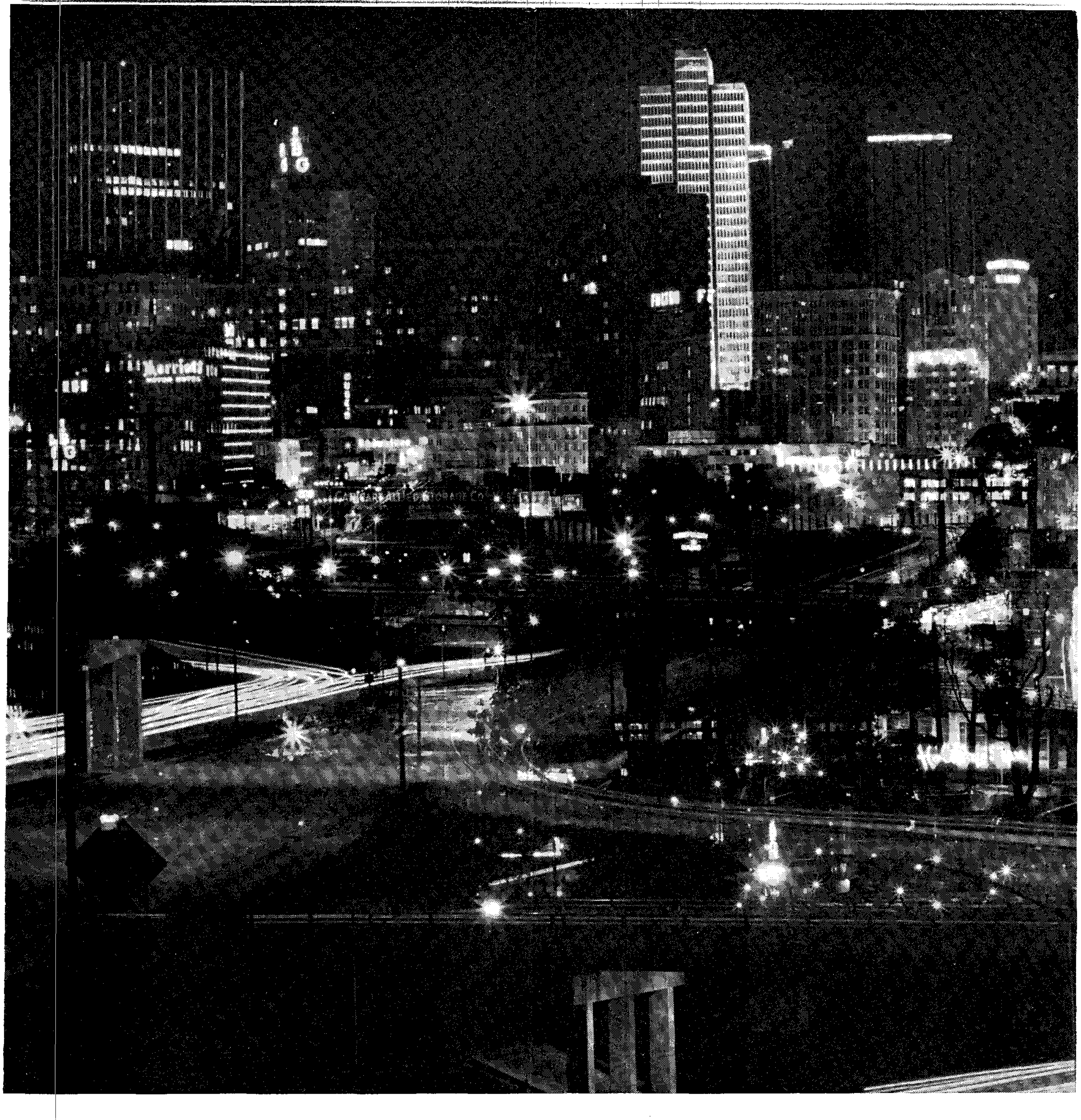
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Unfamiliar faces show themselves during the warm weather, and at the moment these belong to Nick Palmer, singer, and Stu Gilliam, comic. Twice a night, world without end. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge, from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): It's prom time at the big Broadway girls' finishing school, and so the hero of the local extravaganza ("Maid in Paris" is its unscholastic name) is Frankie Avalon, whose songs are soul music to the younger generation. Dinner and supper exhibits every night of the week. On Wednesday, July 5, a change of bill may occur. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The sack of Troy, the delending of Carthage, done as an impromptu mélange by a cast of thousands, all of them volunteer and most of them miniskirted. No quarter is asked or given by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers





Sleepy South

Who wants to sleep in Georgia with so much going on? A jazz festival. Stage plays, Broadway-style. On-the-town gourmet dining. A major league sports event, perhaps. And things are just as lively during the day. Facts: In 1966, Georgia's retail sales topped $8 billion. Construction contracts exceeded $1 billion for the fourth straight year. Investment in new or expanded industry throughout the State jumped 50 per cent in one year. Sample attractions: An ideal climate. Recreational facilities in abundance. One of the five largest school building programs in the U.S. Unusual career opportunities. The truth is, there's nothing sleepy about the "Sleepy South" any more. For free booklet, "What's So Different About Georgia?" write: Lester G. Maddox, Governor of Georgia, State Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia 30334.

Go
Ahead...
Go
Georgia

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Another of this enterprise's minute revues, "Playoffs of Mixed Doubles," is now holding trial runs. Judy Graubart, the best of last season's lot of players here, is again present. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Sunday, July 2, is closing night for Archie Shepp's fivesome and Keith Jarrett's trio. Monday, July 3, the uproarious detail run by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis will work out; the place will be closed on Tuesday, July 4; next evening's arrivals will be Les McCann's trio and Gary Burton's quartet. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This Gaul is divided into two parts. The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, the jazz pianist Patti Bown, and Ellen Starr, who contributes songs as well as jazz piano. On Monday, July 3, they will be succeeded by two more pianists—Willie the Lion Smith (a truly national monument) and Don Ewell. . . . ¶ The lower level now is occupied by John Handy's quintet, currently regarded as a hopeful sign in current music, and by Chad Mitchell, an American singer who ranks in content and feeling with Brel and Aznavour. On Tuesday, July 4, the stage will be taken over by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and Miles Davis's fivesome. Mondays, the lower level is alloted to Symphony Sid and his Latin bands. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Little Egypt—architecturally, that is, and *not* in the flesh. The electricity in the air is mostly devoted to bringing tape to life, but there is earthling music, too, produced by the threesome of Marian McPartland, a good, trustworthy devotee of the piano. Dinner, supper and all that. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Tony Scott, the eternal Hotspur, is leading the incumbet quintet. Sundays, the Jazz Interactions have the place to themselves from five to ten; discothèque music thereafter. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The oldest established jazz museum in town, displaying music that has been scarcely touched by the deleterious hand of time. Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Marty Napoleon, and Cliff Leeman. Dining and dancing. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, July 2-4. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome does music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to the past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by the Blue Mitchell quintet. On Tuesday, July 4, the Mitchells will be displaced by Jackie McLean's quartet. Mondays, Sun Ra's pathfinding ten-man firing squad is there instead. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian lyrics of Ruth Crews, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The quintet of Elvin Jones, which (by today's standards) belongs to the Conservative Party, should be on hand every night but Monday.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Monday and Tuesday, July 3-4.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM ACCORSI—A group of playground sculptures utilizing motion; through Friday, June 30. (Union Square Park, Broadway at E. 14th St.)

GEORGE BIRELINE—Abstract color-field paintings; through Friday, June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

FABER BIRREN—Studies in color by a color technician and his students; through Saturday, July 1. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

JUAN GRIS—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist who died forty years ago; through Friday, July 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARTA MINUJIN—A magical telephone booth that responds to the speaker's voice by changing his "environment" through color modifications, lights, images, smoke, and other effects; through July 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

GIORA NOVAK—One gallery-filling piece of sculpture; through Friday, June 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

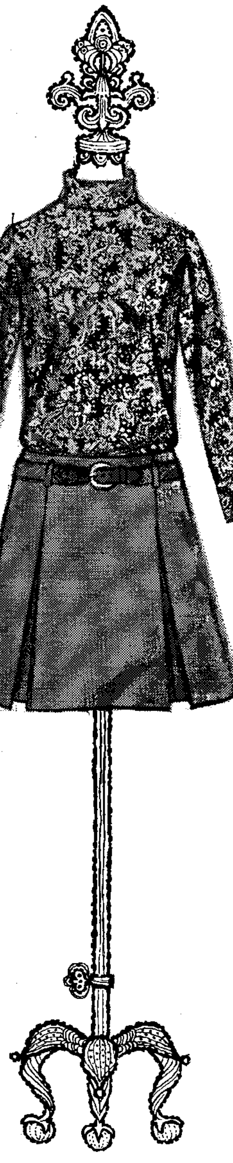
NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Figurative watercolors and drawings; through Friday, June 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Monday, July 3.)

SCULPTURES; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Outdoor/indoor pieces by Bruno Lucchesi, Laura Ziegler, Chaim Gross, Elliot Offner, and Hugo Robus; through Friday, June 30. . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Samples by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK,** 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Kensett, Weir, and Currier; through Friday, July 7. . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: Works by Freilicher, Goodnough, Grooms, Porter, and others associated with the gallery; through Friday, June 30. . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "The Rainbow Room" is hung with paintings and prismatic colors by, for example, Jensen, Samaras, and Arthur B. Davies; through July 27. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Thon, Betts, Moller, Schoener, and Peirce; through July 21. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Items by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. . . . **PARK PLACE GALLERY,** 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Mac Wells, Steve Basey, and Gary Bowers are three of the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through July 28. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **PHOENIX,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Lithographs, etchings, and other prints by an extensive list of contemporaries; through Friday, June 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Avery, Cuevas, Santomaso, and others; through Friday, June 30. . . . **EGAN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through Friday, June 30.



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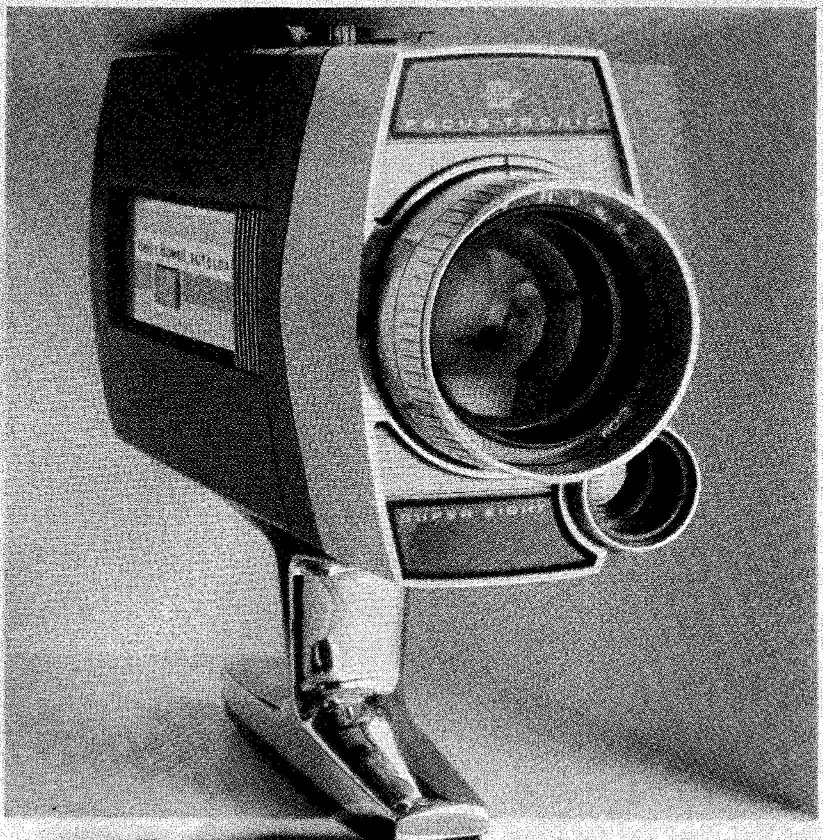

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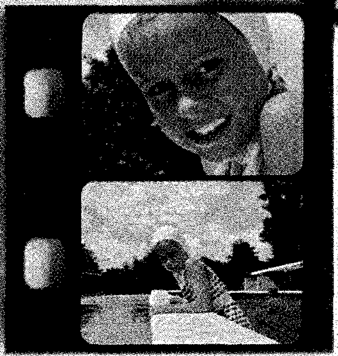

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

. . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few), also Pascin drawings; through July 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A portrait each by twenty-four American and four British artists, from the eighteenth to the twentieth century; through July 21. (Open Monday, July 3.) . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including works by LeParc, Maddox, and Takis; through July 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through Aug. 31. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Kokoschka, Nolde, Bonnard, and Vuillard are among those represented in a loan exhibition of oils, watercolors, and prints surveying the city of Hamburg; through Friday, July 7. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Giacometti, Balthus, Morandi, and others; through July 28. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by such gallery artists as Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Miró; through Friday, June 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, including color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Fifty-two prints depicting artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," on loan at the Museum, comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; starting Friday, June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 11.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through Sunday, July 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Tuesday, July 4, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, July 4, from 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 28. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, except Tuesday, July 4, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Tuesday, July 4, from 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

HAMBURG STATE OPERA—Final performances at the Metropolitan Opera House—Thursday, June 29, at 8: "The Rake's Progress" (in English), with Arlene Saunders, Tatiana Troyanos, Loren Driscoll, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8: "Mathis der Maler," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Edith Mathis, Hubert Hofmann, and Richard Cassilly. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 2: A repeat performance of the June 29 "The Rake's Progress." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8: "Lulu," with Anneliese Rothenberger, Kerstin Meyer, Erwin Wohlfahrt, Toni Blankenheim, and Gerhard Unger. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 8: "The Visitation" (in English), with Jeanette Scovotti, Kerstin Meyer, Felicia Weathers, McHenry Boatwright, Heinz Blankenburg, and Erwin Wohlfahrt.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, the last in a series of non-subscription performances—Friday, June 30: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, and Wednesday, July 5: Karel Ancerl conducting, with Jane Marsh, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 7-8: Seiji Ozawa directing a Foss-Honegger program, with Vera Zorina and Michael Wager, narrators; Mary Morrison and Lilian Sukis, sopranos; Louise Parker, contralto; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Raymond Michalski, bass; the Camerata Singers; and the St. Kilian Boychoir. (Evenings at 8:30.)

BATH FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA AND ENSEMBLE—Yehudi Menuhin conducting and playing the violin in the first three in a series of six concerts. Thursday, June 29: The Bath Festival Orchestra, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3: The Bath Festival Orchestra, with Ernst Wallfisch, viola, and George Malcolm, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 6: The Bath Festival Ensemble in a program of chamber music, with Miss du Pré. (Philharmonic Hall. Evenings at 8:30. Through Thursday, July 13.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: The Metropolitan Opera presenting two operas in concert form. Friday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Tosca," with Jean Fenn, Sándor Kónya,

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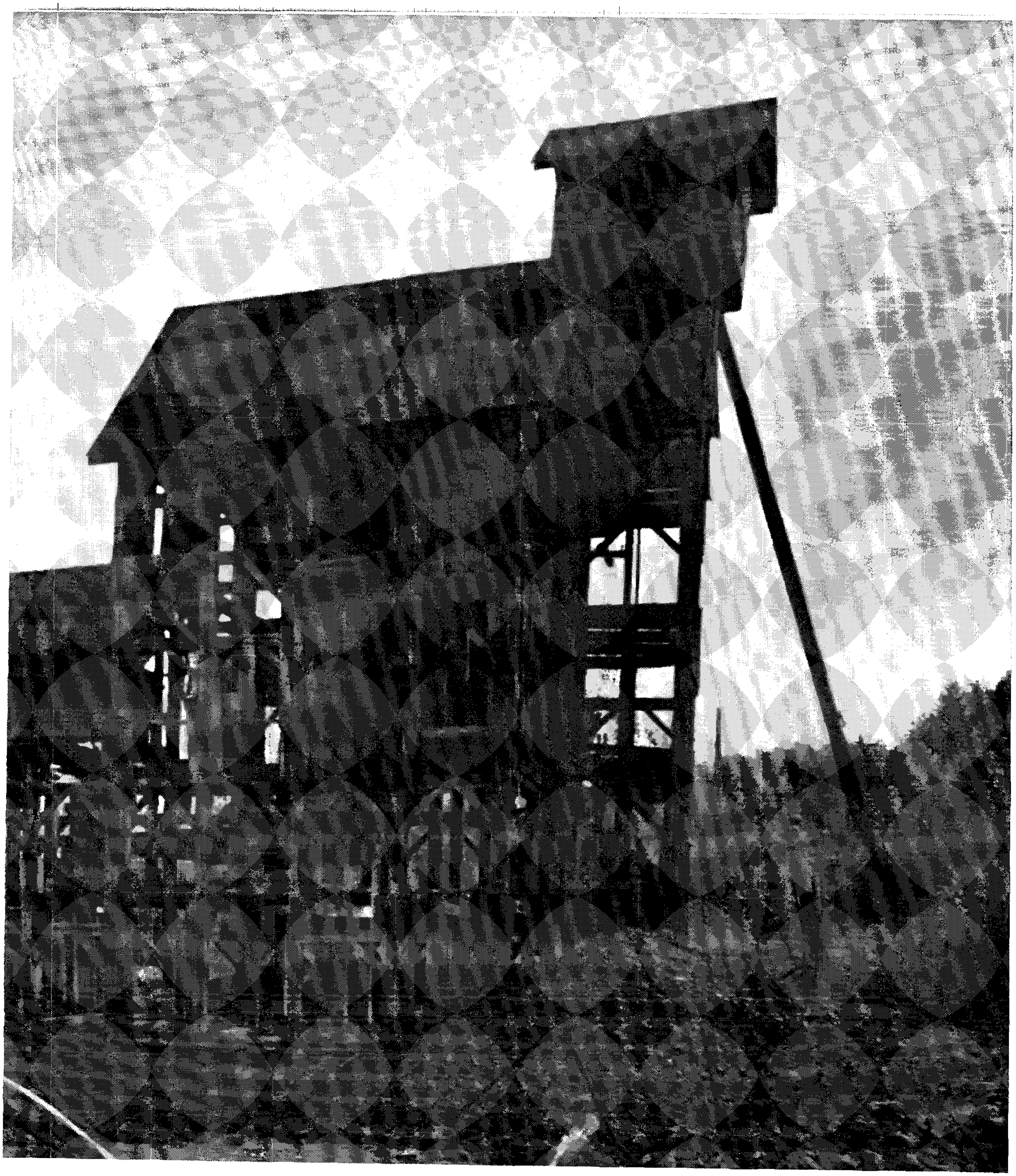

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cornell MacNeil, Russell Christopher, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9), "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, William Olvis, William Walker, and Paul Franke. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside: Saturday, July 1, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), concert production of "Madame Butterfly" by the Met, with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Bruno Prevedi, William Walker, and Paul Franke. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL,** Bronx: Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), "La Bohème" in concert form, with the Met's Anna Moffo, Jean Fenn, Jan Peerce, Frank Guarrera, Russell Christopher, and John Macurdy. . . . **CLOVE LAKE PARK,** Staten Island: Wednesday, July 5, at 8:30 (rain date, July 6), the Metropolitan's concert production of "Tosca," with Jean Fenn, Bruno Prevedi, Cornell MacNeil, Russell Christopher, and Fernando Corena. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Saturday, July 8, at 8 (rain date, July 9), "Tosca," the final production in the Met's series of concert performances, with Jean Fenn, Bruno Prevedi, Walter Cassel, Russell Christopher, and Fernando Corena. . . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 13. Virgil Thomson will share in the conducting on Thursday, June 29.) . . . ¶ Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Ruth Posselt, violin. (Tuesday, July 4, at 8:30.) . . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** Pop, rock, jazz, folk singers and musicians; musical salutes to various nations; and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Some concerts start at 6, some at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Paul Butterfield's blues band, Nina Simone, and Spanky and Our Gang. . . . **RIVERSIDE PARK:** Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Harold Kohon, violin; Lois Wann, oboe; and others. (Saturday, July 1, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in Public School No. 75, West End Ave., at 95th St.) . . . **ROCKEFELLER CENTER:** On Monday, July 3, at 12:30, "Young America," about a hundred singers, dancers, and musicians, from the San Leandro Fine Arts Workshop in California, will present a program in the lower plaza.

Jazz—Thursday, June 29, at 8:30: Claude Hopkins' sextet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 6, at 8:30: Lester Young and the Charlie Parker Memorial Saxophone Society. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 20—Friday, June 30, at 7: Malcolm Frager, piano, in a Beethoven-Prokofieff program. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in three Beethoven-Prokofieff programs. Friday, June 30, at 9: With Yehudi Menuhin, violin. . . . Saturday, July 1, at 8: With David Clatworthy, bass-baritone. . . . Sunday, July 2, at 2:30: With Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4, at 8: A concert by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 7, at 7: Evelyne Crochet, piano, in an all-Mozart recital. . . . ¶ Three all-Mozart programs performed by a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members. Friday, July 7, at 9: Jorge Mester conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. . . . Saturday, July 8, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Miss Crochet. . . . Sunday, July 9, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Mr. Frank. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 27—Thursday and Friday, June 29-30: Harry Belafonte and Miriam Makeba. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1: Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Bath Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. Also with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano, and George Malcolm, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2: Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Bath Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3: Theodore Bikel, Ian and Sylvia, Tom Paxton, and the Paul Butterfield blues band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 4: The Lovin' Spoonful, Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band, and Spanky and Our Gang. . . . ¶ The New York City Ballet will open a three-week season with performances of "The Jewels" Friday through Sunday, July 7-9. Through Sunday, July 30. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 8, at 3:30: Ravi Shankar and his musicians. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 9, at 8:30: Judy Collins. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, June 30, at 8: "Schlitz Salute to Jazz 1967," with Olatunji, Earl Hines, Roy Eldridge, Bud Freeman, Rudy Braff, Pee Wee Russell, Willie the Lion Smith, Don Ewell, Count Basie and his orchestra, Buck Clayton, Buddy Tate, Joe Williams, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Connie May, and Albert Ayler's quintet; Father Norman O'Connor and Billy Taylor, narrators. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 2: "The Five Faces of Jazz," with Herbie Mann's octet, Dizzy Gillespie, Olatunji, Gabor Szabo, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8: Nina Simone, Buddy Rich and his orchestra, Herbie Mann's sextet, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Earl Hines' quartet (with Budd Johnson), John Handy's quintet, and Gary Burton's quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 2: "Saxophone Workshop," with Booker Ervin's quartet, John Handy, Buddy Tate, Illinois Jacquet, Bud Freeman, Budd Johnson, Roy Haynes, and the Sharps and Flats (an eighteen-piece jazz orchestra from Japan). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 8: Woody Herman's orchestra, Miles Davis's quintet, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Max Roach's quintet, the Bill Evans trio, the Blues Project, and Marilyn Maye. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 2: The Milford Youth Band (with Boots Mussulli), Rolf Kuhn's quartet, and Don Ellis and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 8: Lionel Hampton and his alumni orchestra, Sarah Vaughan, Dave Brubeck's quartet (with Paul Desmond), Wes Montgomery's trio, the Red Norvo All-Stars, Rudy Braff, Jack Lesberg, Illinois Jacquet's trio, and Milt Buckner. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Thursday through Saturday, June 29-July 1: Ellen Everett and William Glassman, Betty Jones and Fritz Lüdin, and the Mariano Parra Ballet Español. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8: Soloists of the Manhattan Festival Ballet, Norman Walker and his company (with Cora Cahan), and Rebecca Harris. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, Saturdays, and Friday, July 7, at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, June 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 30, at 8; Saturday, July 1, at 2:15; and Sunday, July 2, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday, July 3, at 7; Tuesday, July 4, at 2; and Wednesday, July 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, July 7, at 8, and Saturday, July 8, at 8 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving members of the 1962 Met team and the 1960 Yankee team, will start at about 7).

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 6-9.)

Pan-American Games Trials—Equestrian events, for the selection of the United States dressage team. (Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J. Thursday and Friday, June 29-30.) . . . ¶ Rowing events: Eight and single sculls, Thursday through Sunday, June 29-July 1. . . . Canoes and kayaks, Friday through Sunday, July 7-9. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30;

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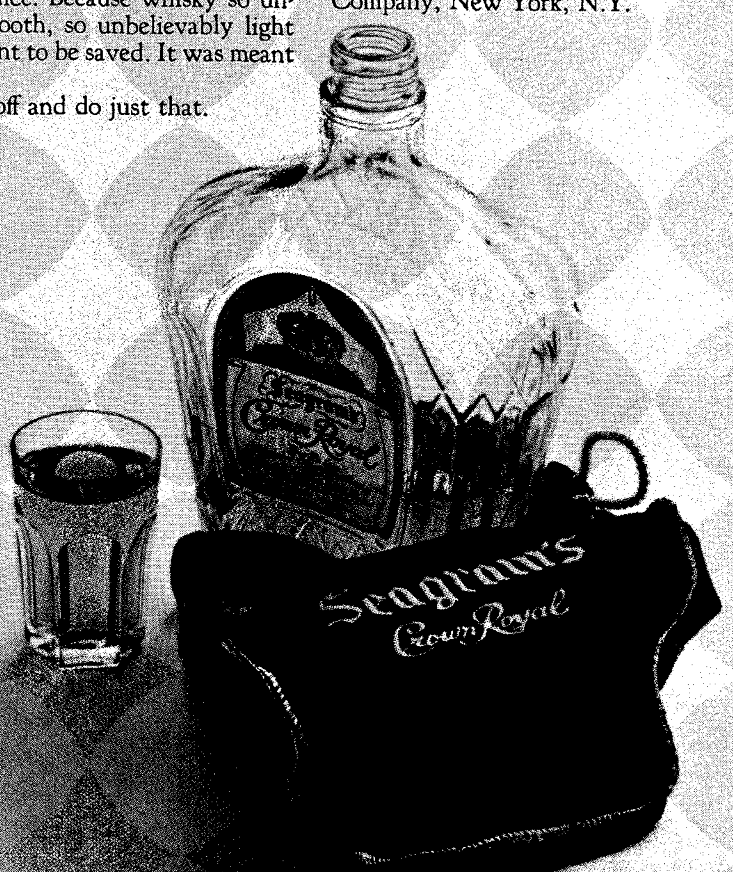

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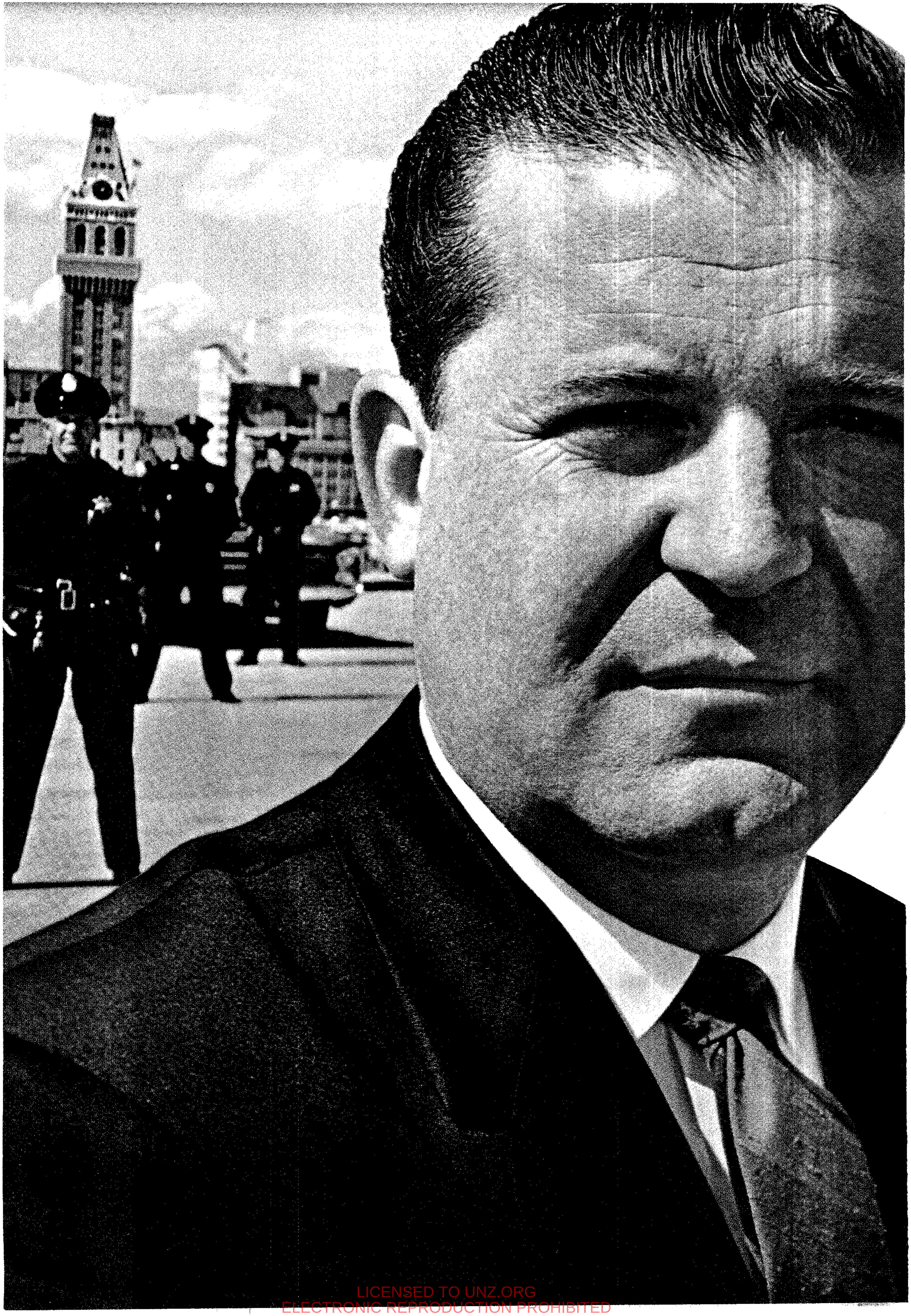

This criminologist is developing a new way to catch a thief.

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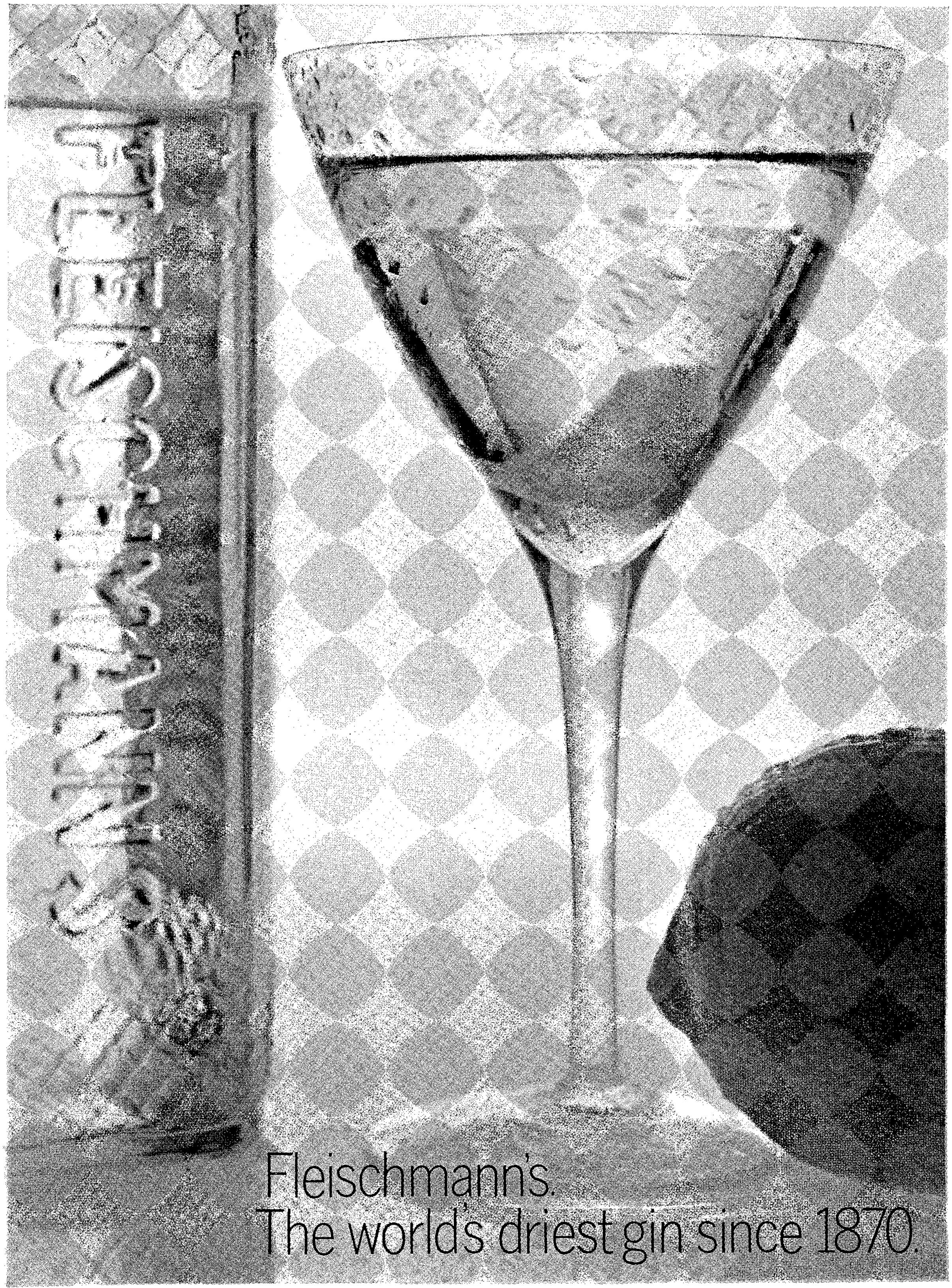
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THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK CITY 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN through Saturday, July 1. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 1. . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, July 3, through Saturday, July 29. The Tremont, Monday, July 3, and the Suburban Handicap, Tuesday, July 4. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 1, and the Monmouth Oaks, Tuesday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn station for the track at 11:48.)

SOCCER—At Yankee Stadium—**NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE:** Generals vs. Philadelphia Spartans, Saturday, July 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Generals vs. Los Angeles Toros, Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30. . . . **UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION:** New York (represented by Cerro of Uruguay) vs. Detroit (represented by Glentoran of Northern Ireland). Sunday, July 2, at 2. . . . ¶ New York vs. Houston (represented by Bangu of Brazil), Saturday, July 8, at 8.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Tuesday, July 4, at 9.

TENNIS—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, July 2.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 3-7, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

YACHTING—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Thursday, July 6, through Tuesday, July 18.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—While the General Assembly is in session, visitors will not be allowed in the United Nations Headquarters.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** July 9, July 18-23, Aug. 4-6, and Aug. 8-13. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** July 12 (benefit exhibition game, Yankees vs. Mets), July 13-17, July 25-Aug. 3, and Aug. 14-15.

GOLF—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. July 25-29.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Rockville Links, Rockville Centre, L.I. July 26-28.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Aug. 3-6.)

HORSE SHOWS—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 5.) . . . ¶ Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 8-12.)

PAN-AMERICAN ROWING TRIALS—At Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx: July 13-15.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** July 31-Aug. 26. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 7-Oct. 12.

SOCCER—National Professional Soccer League at Yankee Stadium: July 9, 19, and 22, and Aug. 6, 9, and 12.

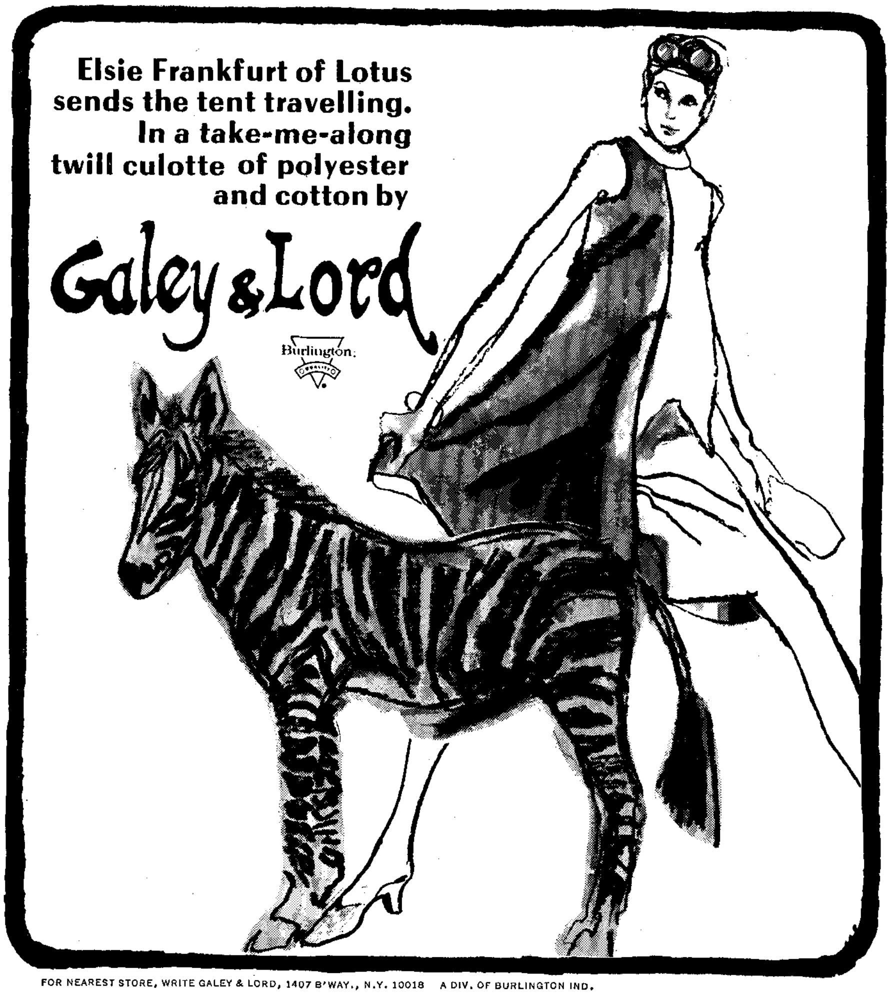
SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT,** Bridgehampton: July 15-16 and Aug. 12. . . . **THOMPSON RACEWAY,** Thompson, Conn.: July 23.

TENNIS—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. July 24-30.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 31-Aug. 6.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Aug. 7-13.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Aug. 14-20.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: July 25-Oct. 18.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 15-22.) . . . ¶ America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Aug. 15.)

MUSIC—Newport Folk Festival, at Newport, R.I., July 10-16. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424), July 11. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, July 18 and 25 and Aug. 1. . . . ¶ The Philadelphia Orchestra, at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 3-27.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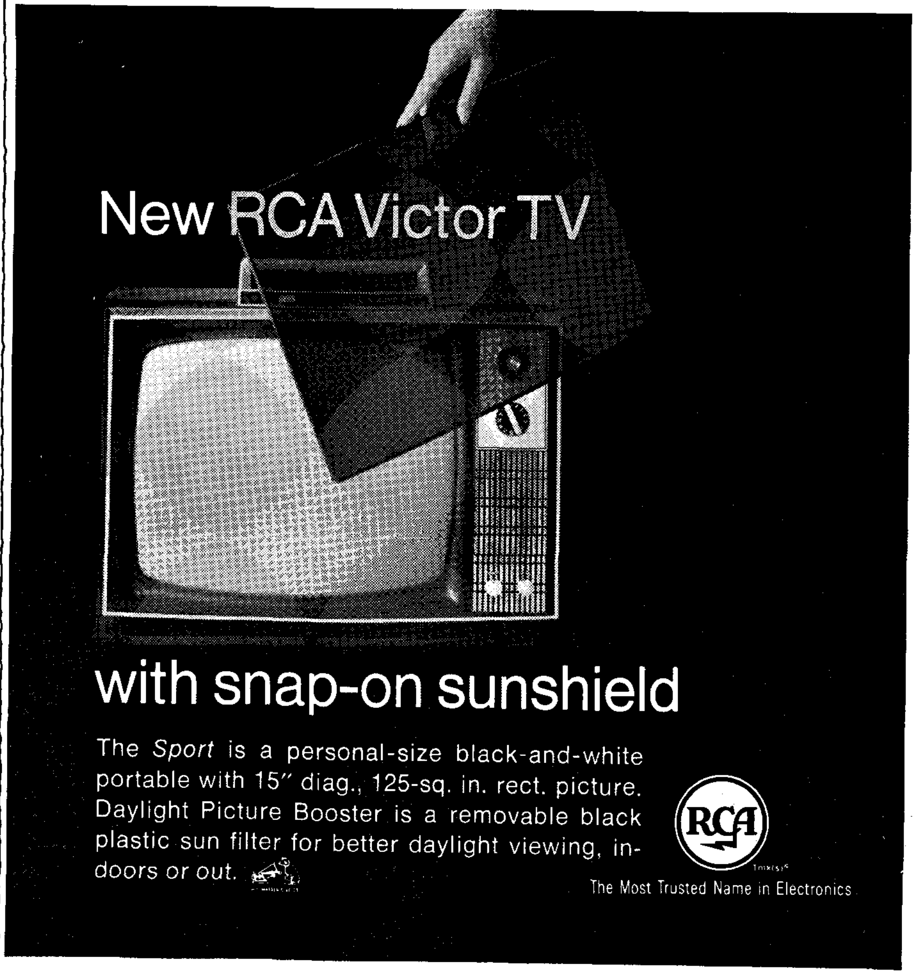
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—How a heartless, predatory girl comes close to destroying a happy household. With Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—A successful adaptation, by Neil Simon, of his Broadway comedy, well acted by Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston, who plays Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a gorgeous girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Michelangelo Antonioni is a poet, not a storyteller, and his picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Casino Royale—A very funny atticful of old and new sight gags, verbal gags, and wholesale scene-stealings by such masters as Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, David Niven, Orson Welles, and Deborah Kerr. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

The Deadly Affair—A welcomely serious spy story, laid in England. Produced and directed by Sidney Lumet, with a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 2. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 5.)

Grand Prix—Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other good-looking, high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

A Guide for the Married Man—Walter Matthau dominates this mindless, amusing study of the fine art of undetected infidelity. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting July 3.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of impressive scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—The splendid Broadway musical, brought to the screen by David Swift and starring Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée, who are very, very funny. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 2. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 4.)

The Jokers—An admirable comic melodrama about the theft of the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

King of Hearts—A pretty comedy verging on Gallic-fanciful by Philippe de Broca, who directed "The Love Game." Alan Bates plays a First World War soldier waylaid in fantasy life on reconnaissance, surrounded by the happy inmates of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. In French and English. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Made in Italy—Thirty-odd vivid snapshots of contemporary Italy, featuring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. The director is Nanni Loy. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting July 5.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with discrimination and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller as his wife; Robert Shaw as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Persona—Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann in Ingmar Bergman's delicate and profound study of the nature of the masks behind which we live. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 4.)

The Taming of the Shrew—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—Sidney Poitier as a self-righteous Negro schoolmaster putting right a classful of aspiring East End delinquents. Directed by James Clavell; based on a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret ha-ha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, July 4, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Woman Times Seven—Shirley MacLaine playing seven ogling parts that look as if they have been market-researched as the ideal woman and makeup-buying prospect. Alan Arkin is gravely funny in one episode, and the star's legs are beautiful all the time. Vittorio De Sica directed, but Joseph E. Levine presented it, and the soul of the thing is Hollywood's. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

You Only Live Twice—The latest James Bond, with Sean Connery careering around a power-maniac's classy quarters in a volcano. Lewis Gilbert directs. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

REVIVALS

Bad Day at Black Rock (1953)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through July 5.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 1-5.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 5.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty in a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 5.)

Diabolique (1955)—How the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting July 5.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through July 2. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 4.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 4.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 2-4.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the O'Neill play. Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 1.)

Loves of a Blonde (1966)—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 5.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields again, this time concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 1-5.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 5.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a mystery, laid mainly in Paris. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting July 5.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting July 5.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 1.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Six programs in a series of Czechoslovakian films. June 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Wandering" (1965). . . . June 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Daisies" (1966). . . . July 1 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "When the Cat Comes" (1963). . . . July 2 at 2 and 5:30: "A Difficult Love" (1966). . . . July 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The End of August at the Hotel Ozone" (1965). . . . July 4 at 2 and 5:30: "Hotel for Strangers" (1966). . . . ¶ July 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), with Conrad Veidt. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Five programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." June 29: "Little Nellie Kelly" (1940), with Judy Garland and George Murphy. . . . ¶ June 30-July 1: "Strike Up the Band" (1940), with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. . . . ¶ July 2: "The Belle of New York" (1952), with Fred Astaire and Vera Ellen. . . . ¶ July 4: "Lady Be Good" (1941), with Eleanor Powell and Robert Young. . . . ¶ July 5: "Babes on Broadway" (1942), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Family Way," Hayley Mills, John Mills.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through July 2: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.
From July 3: "For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 4: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From July 5: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 4: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, revival.
From July 5: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 2: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and **THE DEADLY AFFAIR.**
From July 3: "For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through July 5: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "Captains Courageous," revival, Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 4: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From July 5: **CAMILLE**, revival; and **NINOTCHKA**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Family Way," Hayley Mills, John Mills.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Three," a Yugoslav film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Sea Pirate," Terence Morgan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
CASINO ROYALE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Deathwatch," Leonard Nimoy.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 1: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and **THE WRONG BOX**, revival.
July 2-4: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival; and "Born Free," revival, Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From July 5: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, revival, a Czechoslovakian film.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BLOW-UP.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
CASINO ROYALE.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 4: **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From July 5: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Sea Pirate," Terence Morgan.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Palaces of a Queen," a tour of six palaces belonging to Queen Elizabeth II.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Big City" (in Bengali and English).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
KING OF HEARTS (in French and English).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 2: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO**, revival.
From July 3: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"A Rose for Everyone" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Nino Manfredi.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

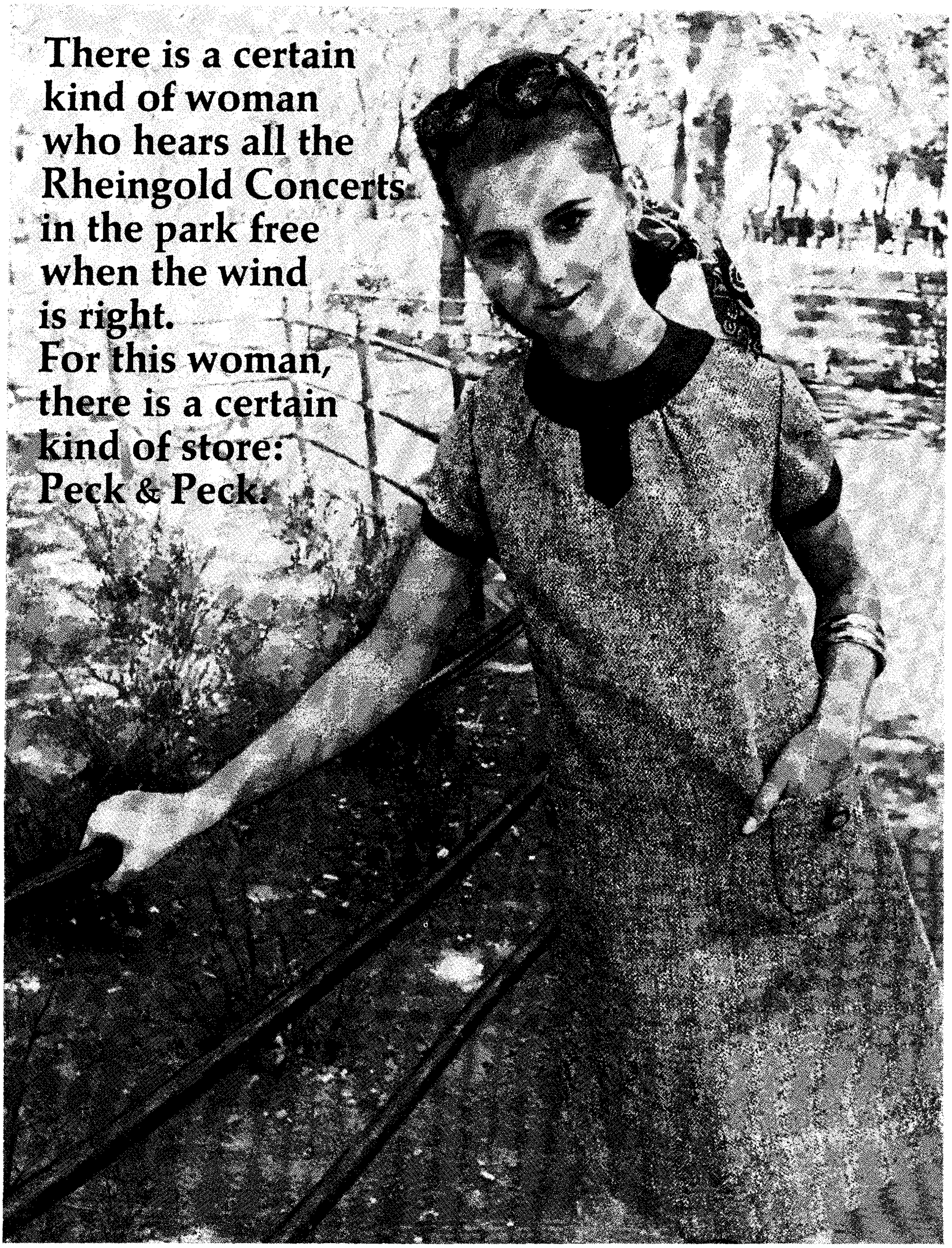
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 30: **THE KNACK**, revival; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
July 1-5: **THE BANK DICK**, revival; and **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 4: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From July 5: "El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Defector," Montgomery Clift, Hardy Krüger.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 29: "The Lady with the Dog" and "Dimka" (both in Russian and both revivals).
June 30: "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French), revival; and "Candide" (in French), revival, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur.
July 1: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
July 2: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
July 3: **THE IPCRESS FILE**, revival; and **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.
July 4: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
July 5: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 4: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From July 5: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French), revival.

1857
VOLUNTEER'S
Albert Hubbell


There is a certain
kind of woman
who hears all the
Rheingold Concerts
in the park free
when the wind
is right.
For this woman,
there is a certain
kind of store:
Peck & Peck.

Low down, tiny patch pockets and contrast binding, here and there,
make an already outstanding dress even more exciting. From our own Carleton collection.
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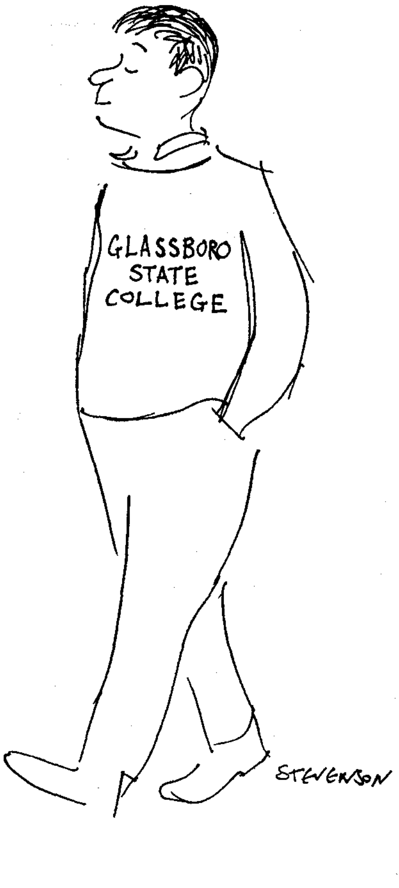
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RECENTLY, we received a communication from a friend of ours who lives, temporarily, in Geneva. He wrote, "As you know, the Swiss maintain a traditional neutrality—at least, in word and deed. Oddly, even the shortwave radio, as heard here, is so polyglot as to seem neutral. When the sun sets and the ionosphere is calm, I find that I can pick up news broadcasts from almost anywhere. The Voice of America and Radio Peking reach Geneva with about the same intensity, and I have acquired the habit of listening to the evening news first from the Voice, in 'special English,' which, as far as I can tell, is regular English spoken in a simplified vocabulary and at about two-thirds the normal rate, and then in British English as spoken by the commentators from Radio Peking. Radio Peking seems to use commentators in pairs—a man and a woman. I was surprised at how closely they follow the American press. The *International Herald Tribune* carried a column by James Reston in which he pointed out that although the Russians may adopt a strident tone at the United Nations, it is quite possible for them to conduct private negotiations with the United States on a less belligerent level. The next night, Mr. Reston's column was read, in part, by one of the commentators from Radio Peking as proof that American imperialists were collaborating with Soviet revisionists. The news from Peking assumes a kind of litany. The words 'American imperialists,' 'Soviet revisionists,' and now 'Zionists' are repeated again and again until they wash over the mind with the rhythms of a religious chant. I often wonder how the news from Radio Peking, compared to the same events as reported by the Voice of America, would strike an objective listener in, say, Africa—if, indeed, there are any 'objective' listeners in Africa, or anywhere else. The truth is so complicated, so profound, so full of irony and sadness that it must be tempting to approach it through the simplistic slogans from Peking. I also sometimes wonder how I know the 'truth' myself. Part of the truth is certainly to be found in the reports from the Voice, which tell of both our national strengths and our national weaknesses. But part also is in the broadcasts from Peking, which reach out from a tormented country, containing such a sizable fraction of the world's population, to other tormented countries, containing an even larger fraction of the world's population. The 'truth' is not a passive thing. If a large fraction of the people of the world come to believe in something, then, whether or not it is true as we see it, they will act on their belief, and this action will have the same consequences for us as if it were based on the truth as we see it. The world is full of violence committed in the name of truth."



He's Moving

WITH thirty-odd distinguished visitors in town to attend the emergency session of the United Nations General Assembly, the New York City Police Department has mobilized its resources to handle with a minimum of fuss the security problems they present. Unlike the Khrushchev-Castro visit of 1960, which caused a nervous Department to put twenty thousand men on overtime for three and a half weeks, the current U.N. gathering is being handled as a routine matter with a fairly small force. Although five hundred policemen have been drafted from precincts all over the city to provide round-the-clock security for the U.N. headquarters and the various missions, none of them is working more than the standard five-day, forty-hour week. The planning is detailed and elaborate—security precautions include helicopters, harbor launches, rooftop guards, mounted police, white-topped police cars, motorcycle escorts, and a great many detectives—but the atmosphere is one of professional calm. The focal point of the entire operation is, of course, Premier Kosygin, who, with his entourage, is receiving the personal attention of Chief Inspector Sanford D. Garelik. Lesser diplomatic lights are provided with escorts and guards, depending upon rank and necessity. Chiefs of State get escorts of white-topped cars and motorcycles every time they travel; foreign ministers and special representatives are accompanied by unmarked detective cars. Close-in personal security is handled by each country (Russia has sent a batch of colonels and generals with Kosygin), working with both the Department of State and the city's Bureau of Special Services—a group of detectives who are charged with the protection of foreign visitors.

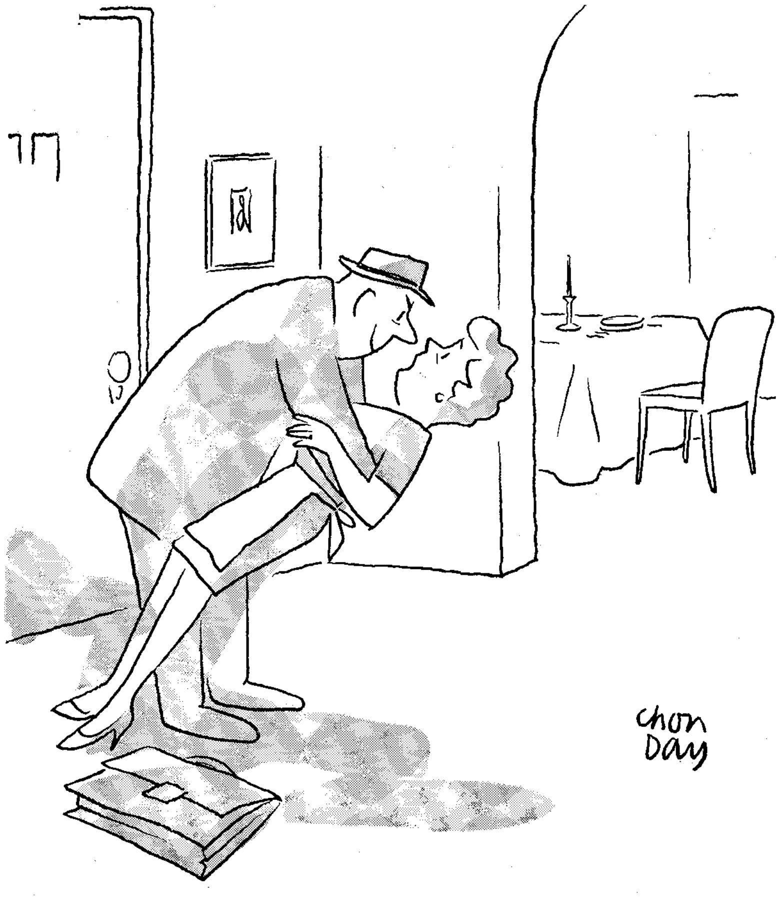
The nerve center of the police security net is an improvised foreign-dignitary tracking station in one corner of the Operations Bureau, a large, cluttered room in Police Headquarters that keeps a wary eye on every municipal event of interest to the police. We dropped by at headquarters one morning last week and found that the station consisted of a tall white cardboard chart listing the name, country, local address, and current location of twenty-three distinguished visitors (the list started with Kosygin, ended with Ahmed Balafrej, of Morocco, and included Kosygin's daughter, Mrs. Gvishiani); four battered desks equipped with telephones and typewriters; two police officers; two policewomen; and a twenty-year-old police trainee in a gray uniform. The women were taking down telephone messages from the field (for security reasons, phones were preferred to the police shortwave radio), the officers were recording the information on a sheet of clear plastic stretched over the chart, and the trainee was laboriously typing out a minute-by-minute log of the entire operation. Inspector Edward Joyce, chief of the Operations unit, explained that guarding the diplomats had been separated from regular police business to make things easier. "This meeting may last a week or ten days, and there will be a great deal of movement around the city," he said. "If some serious incident should occur, *it's* important that we know exactly where everybody is. Essentially, there are three police units involved. The Manhattan South uniformed force is responsible for guard duty and crowd control; the Safety-Emergency Division handles movement, like motorcades or walks in the street; and detectives of the Bureau of Special Services—we call it 'Boss'—provide liaison between the diplomats and the Department. Most of our messages come from Safety or Boss people who manage to get to a telephone. We, in turn, alert a special communications trailer that has been set up at the U.N., as well as the 19th Precinct, which is just across the street from the Soviet Mission, and uniformed units guarding other missions. We don't always get a leaving notice—some of our visitors are very fast on their feet—but there has to be an arrival report." Inspector Joyce added that the staff had fallen into the habit of referring to the visitors by country or escort number, because some of the names were so difficult to pronounce. "But if you hear anybody say 'He's moving,' it's got to be Kosygin."

We walked over to the chart and noted that most of the diplomats were safely tucked away inside the United Nations. Maurer, of Rumania, had been an early bird, arriving at 9:55 A.M., followed by Kiselev, of Byelorussia; Lenart, of Czechoslovakia; and Zhivkov, of Bulgaria, at ten-fifteen. At ten-twenty, Fock, of Hungary, and Tsedenbal, of Mongolia, straggled in, to be joined a few minutes later by Gromyko, of Russia; Shoherbitsky, of the Ukraine; Cyrankiewicz, of Poland; Moro, of Italy; Atassi, of Syria; and Mahgoub, of the Sudan. Kosygin and Fedorenko arrived at eleven-twenty-five, but by noon three delegates—Eban, of Israel; Fawzi, of the United Arab Republic; and Maiwandwal, of Afghanistan—were still dawdling in hotels or missions. Mrs. Gvishiani was placed at the Soviet Mission, but a staff member raised an eyebrow and remarked that you couldn't be too sure of her. (The previous evening, she had slipped out, accompanied by two startled detectives, to see "Barefoot in the Park" at Radio City Music Hall.) On another board we saw an announcement that the Emergency Action for Israel Committee intended to send three pickets to the Soviet Mission at 7 A.M. the next day. Three sergeants and thirty patrolmen were assigned to duty at the mission, to cope with the pickets and other intruders. "We had one nut picketing the U.N. in the rain on Monday, and there were six men out guarding him," said the trainee. "How's that for security?"

At twelve-thirty, a dark-haired man in a rumpled gray suit, who turned out to be Chief Inspector Garelik, walked briskly through the room and studied the chart for a few seconds. "Is he inside?" he asked Inspector Joyce.

"Yes, but we're getting advance departure notices," replied the Inspector. "The meeting will break up very soon."

Garelik asked if we'd like to drive up to the U.N., and we followed him on the double into an unmarked black car. As we dodged through First Avenue traffic, he told us that he preferred to be in personal command of the area whenever Kosygin travelled. (Friday morning, he was in direct charge of the arrangements for Kosygin's departure for Glassboro.) "I don't always make it, but I give it a try," the Chief Inspector said, looking a bit weary. "We set up a specific route for the Russian motorcade every day, and I like to drive it first to make sure that every man is in his place," he said. "An operation like this requires constant personal attention, because there are always some unknown factors. You can't rely on reports from the field; you have to go out and see for yourself. Basically, there are two police problems here—organized groups, which are relatively easy to handle, and eccentric individuals, who can give



"You on LSD or something?"

us trouble. Everybody gets a little tense during one of these meetings, but I'm usually a little less tense than most people, because I've been through this kind of thing so often before. I've guarded three Presidents, Khrushchev, Castro, Sukarno, Nehru, Nasser, Tito—just about everybody. From a police point of view, it's not the personality of the man that matters but the political situation that surrounds him. I'd say Tito was the most difficult person we've had to guard in recent years, because he was disliked by so many different groups. Castro was fairly easy to work with, and Nasser was extremely coöperative—he shook my hand warmly at the airport when he left."

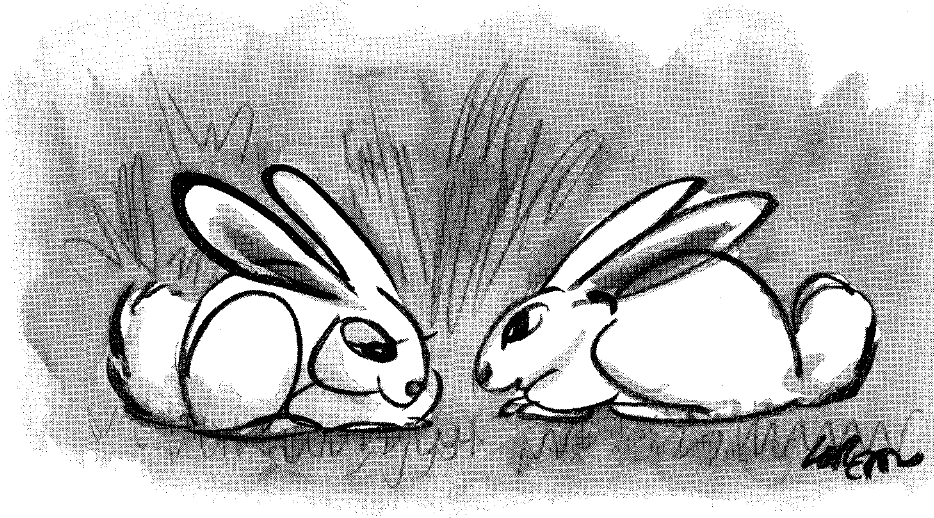
As we arrived at the Assembly building, Garelik jumped out of his car and discovered that Kosygin's motorcade had departed a few minutes before. "When will the session break, Harry?" he asked a U.N. guard.

"Saudi Arabia is still talking on a point of order," replied the guard.

"So?" said Garelik, poker-faced.

Garelik then paid a brief visit to the communications trailer ("No incidents, no pickets, and no complaints, sir," said the officer on duty) and headed uptown for the Soviet Mission, a large white brick apartment house at 136 East Sixty-seventh Street. As we rounded the corner, Garelik explained that the entire block had been cordoned off for security reasons; only official cars, residents, people with legitimate business on the block, and the No. 7 crosstown bus—with a policeman standing next to the driver—were permitted past the barriers that had been set up at Lexington and Third Avenues. A group of well-tailored security men was clustered around the front entrance. (Round lapel buttons identified State Department men, square ones city detectives.) Garelik emerged from his car—a slight figure in his mufti, smoking his invariable cigarette—and a Negro patrolman standing near the curb took a step forward and a firmer grip on his nightstick. Garelik identified himself and patted the dumfounded cop on the back to show that there were no hard feelings. "He's inside," said a Boss detective, "and there's an eighty-five-per-cent chance that he'll stay there the rest of the day." Garelik nodded and moved down the sidewalk to confer with three detectives and a bespectacled State Department man carrying a walkie-talkie.

Two black limousines drove through the barrier and disgorged a covey of burly, chattering Soviet diplomats. The last man out—a tall, sunburned Russian with deep-set eyes and aquiline features—spotted Garelik at the curb and walked over to shake hands with him.



"I think you have the pinkest eyes, the cutest nose, and the fluffiest little white tail in all the world."

"How are things going, Mr. Ambassador?" said Garelik, palming his cigarette.

"Fine, just fine," said the Russian, who turned out to be Platon Morozov, the deputy chief of the mission. "But I think I prefer to see you in uniform."

Garelik smiled slightly and replied that he had just left his desk.

The Russian gave a small salute and disappeared inside the double-glass doors.

Garelik crossed the street and conferred with Assistant Chief Inspector Frederick P. Kowski about the route for the next day's motorcade. (Kowski, a detective told us, is famous in the Department as the man who got into a shoving match with an overzealous Russian general during Khrushchev's visit.) We could hear him telling Garelik that even the Russian security men didn't always know when the diplomats were going to travel.

When three more limousines pulled up before the mission, the Chief Inspector moved back near the door to observe both the guards and the guarded with professional interest. Satisfied, he walked over to the detectives and told them that it looked pretty quiet. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes and offered us one. "They're Russian," he said. "Aromatic and very mild."

Eban

Israel's Foreign Minister, Mr. Abba Eban, made his headquarters last week in five rooms at the Plaza, where he slept (occasionally), ate (occasionally), conferred with his two aides in residence there with him, and wrote the eloquent and historic speech he gave at the General Assembly of the United Nations. ("Many in the world drew confidence from the fact that a very small nation could, by its exertion and example, rise to respected levels in social progress, scientific research, and the humane arts. And so our policy was to deter the aggression of our neighbors so long as it was endurable, to resist it only when failure to resist would have invited its intensified renewal, to withstand Arab violence without being obsessed by it, and even to search patiently here and there for any glimmer of moderation and realism in the Arab mind. We also pursued the hope of bringing all the Great Powers to a harmonious policy in support of the security and sovereignty of Middle Eastern states. . . . From these dire moments Israel emerged in five heroic days from awful peril to successful and glorious resistance. Alone, unaided, neither seeking nor receiving help, our nation rose in self-defense. So long as men cherish freedom, so long as small states strive for the dignity of survival, the exploits of Israel's armies will be told from one generation to another with the deepest pride. The Soviet Union has described our resistance as aggression and sought to have it condemned. We reject this accusation with all our might. Here was armed force employed in a just and righteous cause. As righteous as the defense of freedom at Valley Forge, as just as the expulsion of Hitler's bombers from the British skies, as noble as the protection of Stalingrad against the Nazi hordes, so was the defense of Israel's security and existence against those who sought our nation's destruction. What should be condemned is not Israel's action but the attempt to condemn it. Never have freedom, honor, justice, national interest, and international morality been so righteously protected. . . . To the charge of aggression, I answer that Israel's resistance at the lowest ebb of its fortunes will resound across history, together with the uprising of our battered remnants in the Warsaw Ghetto, as a triumphant assertion of human freedom. From the dawn of its history, the people now rebuilding a state in Israel has struggled often in desperate conditions against tyranny and aggression. Our action on the fifth of June falls nobly within that tradition. We have tried to show that even a small state and a small people have the right to live. I believe that we shall not be found alone in the assertion of that right, which is the very essence of the Charter of the United Nations. . . . It may seem that Israel stands alone against numerous and powerful adversaries. But we appeal to the undying forces in our nation's history which have so often given the final victory to spirit over matter, to inner truth over quantity. We believe in the vigilance of history, which has guarded our steps.")

Two days after Mr. Eban made this speech, we made a late-evening appointment to see him and went over to his headquarters, which we found guarded by a very young man with a beard and horn-rimmed glasses who, sleepily, was reading the Columbia University Summer Session catalogue. He turned us over to Mr. Dov Sinai, one of Mr. Eban's two aides, who was working in a room equipped with a desk, six telephones, and a typewriter, together with Mr. Emanuel Shimoni, the other aide, and Mrs. Ilana Shapiro, a tall, blond, attractive young lady at the typewriter, who kept taking one telephone call after another from people who wanted to give Mr. Eban advice, information, or encouragement. Mr. Sinai, a relaxed gentleman full of quips, was nibbling at an apple, while Mr. Shimoni, a slightly built young man wearing a rumpled nylon shirt, worked on a thick sheaf of notes and cables, a lighted cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth. Mr. Sinai said that Mr. Eban was at a meeting and that Mr. Shimoni would let us know as soon as the Minister returned. "Normally, the word comes from Sinai," Mr. Sinai told us. "But in this case Sinai is waiting for the word from Shimoni." He grinned, and Mr. Shimoni, looking up from the cables, gave him a patient smile. On the telephone, Mrs. Shapiro was saying, "One thing I can assure you, the Minister *knows* these historical facts, and he is doing the best he can. There are many people like you, and we appreciate it. . . ."

"Last night was a very good night," Mr. Sinai told us. "I went to bed at one and got up at seven. *Sunday* night, the Minister went to bed at four and got up at nine to make his speech at the General Assembly. Mr. Shimoni didn't go to bed at all."

Mrs. Shapiro was being held on the telephone by the same caller. "The only thing I can do is transmit your message to the Minister," she was saying. "Of course, if you want to write to him, write to him care of the Israeli Consulate. All right, then, write to him *here* at the Hotel Plaza if you *like*. . . . Room No. 805. . . . What? . . . Yes. All right. I won't give out the room number if you think it is dangerous. . . . All *right*."

There was a flurry outside in the corridor. Mr. Shimoni went to investigate. He came back in a few moments saying that Mr. Eban had just returned from his meeting. Mr. Sinai led us to a large sitting room, where Mr. Eban was waiting, and left us. It seemed to us that Mr. Eban looked only *slightly* harassed. Also, he looked younger—his hair neatly combed, his horn-rimmed glasses firmly fixed, a white handkerchief folded neatly in the breast pocket of his dark-blue suit—and more vulnerable than he does on the television screen. (He is fifty-two. He was born in Cape Town, Union of South Africa, and he went to Cambridge University, where he specialized in Oriental languages.) After shaking hands with us, he put a long cigar in his mouth and lit it without, it seemed to us, any puffing on his part, and then he settled back in an armchair and regarded us attentively, as though he didn't have another blessed thing to do but answer our questions.

We asked him what he'd been doing between speeches.

"It's been a heavy day today," he said, speaking softly and very quickly, and without projection. "I've just left a long meeting with Dean Rusk. And before that there was a long meeting with George Brown. And before that there was a meeting with Couve de Murville. And before that I was at the General Assembly. And before that I met with people at the Israeli Mission. And after this I have a meeting with the leaders of the Jewish community."

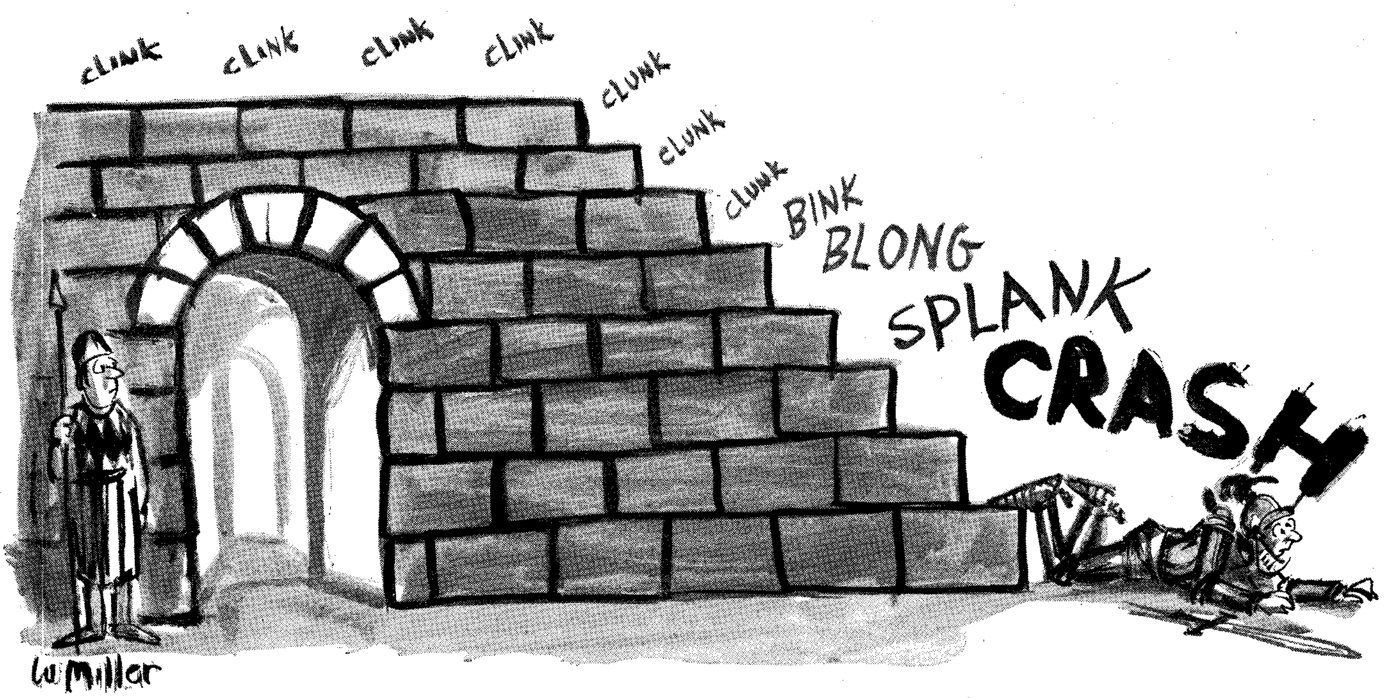
"How about diversion?" we asked.

"This afternoon, I took a walk," Mr. Eban said. "I went around the corner to Doubleday. But I'm followed now by the Secret Service—yours, not ours—and the clerks try to sell them books. I've never had the Secret Service men following me about before. Last night, I went to a party at a painter friend's house on Lafayette Street. I arrived with two Secret Service men, and my host had to feed all three of us. I'm told they're necessary, however. This time, there's a certain tension in the air."

There was a knock at the door, and a room-service waiter entered, pushing a mobile table with Mr. Eban's dinner on it. Mr. Eban thanked him and said to leave it there. He continued smoking his cigar.

We asked Mr. Eban where he had been during the week of June 5th, and he told us that he lives in Jerusalem with his wife and two children (Eli, seventeen, and Gila, twelve), but on the morning of the fifth he was in Tel Aviv, where he was awakened, in his hotel room, by air-raid sirens. "When I got to the Defense Ministry, I was told that Egyptian artillery had bombarded us. I'd become a hawk about six days before," Mr. Eban said, smiling. "Actually, I don't accept the dove-hawk analogy. We are not an aviary. A week earlier, in late May, when the situation was clearly moving to a climax, I had gone to London, Paris, and Washington to see if any action could be expected from our friends. They had committed themselves to the status quo. The day after Nasser blockaded us, I went to see Wilson, de Gaulle, and Johnson to see how to stop it without war. When I got back, I told my government we could receive a great deal of sympathy but very little aid. Our friends expected us to stand up for ourselves, but what I read in the eyes of our friends was that we could count on a tremendous surge of mass opinion in our favor. As it ended up, as I have said at one point, never did so few owe so little to so many."

Mr. Eban was still ignoring his dinner. We asked him how he arranged to see Wilson, de Gaulle, and Johnson, and he said he took off from Israel con-



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fident that the three chiefs would see him without prior appointments.

"When I got to Orly Airport, there was a message for me that de Gaulle would see me right away," Mr. Eban said. He thought for a moment or two, and then added, "It was rather interesting. De Gaulle sits at a large desk with no telephone on it. Talking to Wilson was disconcerting. You sit at the Cabinet table in No. 10 and talk sidewise. It's rather a strange tradition. I had two hours with President Johnson. Four or five advisers sit around with *him*, and drinks are offered. Americans are the most informal. When Truman was President, I came to present my credentials as ambassador. I had got all dressed up in the usual formal clothes, and I found him sitting there with his coat off."

We suggested to Mr. Eban that he might want to eat his dinner, and he obligingly moved over to the table, laying his cigar aside and mechanically starting to eat. We asked him where his wife and children were during the week of June 5th.

At the start, he said, they were visiting his wife's parents in Herzliyah, about fifty miles from Jerusalem, and he went there. "My children greeted me by saying, 'Jerusalem is being shelled. We must go there; otherwise the other kids at school will laugh at us for being away.' So we set out in our car for Jerusalem—an unusual spectacle of a family going toward the shelling. We spent the night in our shelter, and then I left them in the shelter and flew back to New York to speak to the Security Council."

Mr. Eban made his first speech before the Security Council on June 6th and returned two days later to Israel. We asked him what he had done between June 9th and June 17th.

"Very intensive work—Cabinet meetings, discussions of how we were going to avoid being pushed around politically," he said. "We had passed from the position of a people doubting our existence to thinking our existence was almost unduly robust. When I was first here, we had the advantages of the underdog. Now we have the disadvantages of the overdog."

"What do you think of Mr. Kosygin?" we asked.

"He has a mild, avuncular look," Mr. Eban replied. "But the extremism of his line was beyond belief." He pushed his plate away and picked up his cigar. "Perhaps things may get a little lighter as the week goes on. At the moment, the Russians are not speaking to me. I've known Mr. Gromyko since 1947, when he was one of the greatest supporters of Israel's statehood, but he would not have a drink with me now. The Poles and Hungarians are different. They continue to behave humanly. The assumption is that there is a temporary break, and the absence of diplomatic relations does not mean that we can't be together socially."

We asked Mr. Eban if he would tell us something of how he goes about writing his speeches, which have been ranked alongside those of Winston Churchill and Adlai Stevenson.

He said that his speech at the United Nations on June 19th had elicited an enormous response from all over the world and had resulted in an avalanche of mail and telephone calls here. "You get the impression that the American people spend their lives at the television set," he said. "I haven't met anybody who wasn't listening. There are two thousand people in the General Assembly Hall. But one must remember that one is actually talking not to two thousand people but to sixty million. When you talk to the two thousand, you talk about Paragraph 16-A, Sub-paragraph B, and so on. Normally, I prefer not to write out the speech but to make notes, which is what I did on June 7th. But I knew that the speech on June 19th was to be a major presentation for the world, and that I would have to write it out in order to get good French and Russian translations. I find that I can never work in advance. I had a whole day in which to work on the speech, but I didn't do anything. I started at eight o'clock at night. I alternate between dictating and writing in longhand on one of those large yellow pads. A secretary sitting down before me with a pencil poised sometimes puts me off. The architecture is very important. I must have a plan for the seven or eight subjects. As I go along, I tell my staff what I need—the statements of the Egyptians threatening to exterminate us, the details of how the threat to Israel developed, and so on."

"People have commented on how highly persuasive you are when you speak on television," we said.

"Television has a way of distinguishing between things said in a routine spirit and things said out of conviction," Mr. Eban said. "I try to write and say the things I do believe."

HOW OLD, HOW YOUNG

YOU did not often see a woman crying on the street. You sometimes saw one in the neighborhood where the doctors had their offices, coming out of an office with another woman or a man and crying from pain. Sometimes they would be coming from a dentist's office, but they would be holding bloodstained handkerchiefs to their mouths. Doctor's office or dentist's office, they would usually get in a waiting car or a taxi and not be on the street very long, and anyway their crying was easily explained. You just about never were walking along the street and saw a young woman crying out of emotional anguish, weeping tears that were tears of sorrow and not caring that she might be making a spectacle of herself. But on this particular afternoon a long while ago James H. Choate, who had a summer job as runner for the family bank, was on an errand to a law office, and coming toward him he saw this young woman, and if he had not known her he would have said she was plastered. She was wearing white shoes with brown wing tips and medium-high heels, and yet she walked as if she had on ski boots. She was wearing a simple dark-blue linen one-piece dress with a thin black belt and a white collar, and a straw hat that was varnished black—pretty much of a uniform among certain types of girls in those days. But she was walking like a drunken tart. Then when she got closer he saw that it was Nancy Liggett and that she was weeping without any self-restraint and leaving her misery naked for people to stare at. Jamie Choate wanted to cover her, as though her nakedness were the real thing. He stopped and stood in her uncertain path, but she walked around him. "Nancy!" he said. She kept on going and he watched her indecisively until she reached her car. She got in, and he was glad that it was a coupé; it offered her some shelter from the mystified stares of people, including himself. It was twenty minutes of three, and he had to get to the lawyers' office and back to the bank before closing time. He had not been told the nature of the envelope he was to pick up, but he had been ordered to get it back before three, without fail. He was very unimportant at the bank; they did not think much of him there. He made a special effort on this errand. He got back in plenty of time—five minutes to spare—as much because he wanted to see if Nancy's car was still in the block as to make a good impression at the bank. The car was gone.

There was a swimming-party picnic that night that Nancy Liggett should have been at but wasn't. Some people had a boathouse at a dam in the woods about fifteen miles out of town. The water was always very cold and so was the air, and even though the bank thermometer that day had registered above ninety degrees, people at the picnic were drinking straight rye to keep off the chill. Quite a few people got tight. It was a Friday, the beginning of the weekend for most of the people, but Saturday morning was a very busy time at the bank, and Jamie Choate stayed sober. His cousin Walker Choate was at the picnic to remind him, in case he forgot. Walker was an assistant paying teller and a regular member of the staff. Very patronizing toward Jamie. "Remember, you have all those blotters to change in the morning," said Walker. "Need a steady hand and a clear mind for that."

"Oh, go to hell," said Jamie. "I wonder why Nancy Liggett isn't here tonight."

"Why the sudden interest in Nancy?" said Walker.

"Because I've fallen in love with her," said Jamie.

"Then why didn't you bring her?"

"I don't know. I was hoping you would and then I'd take her away from you."

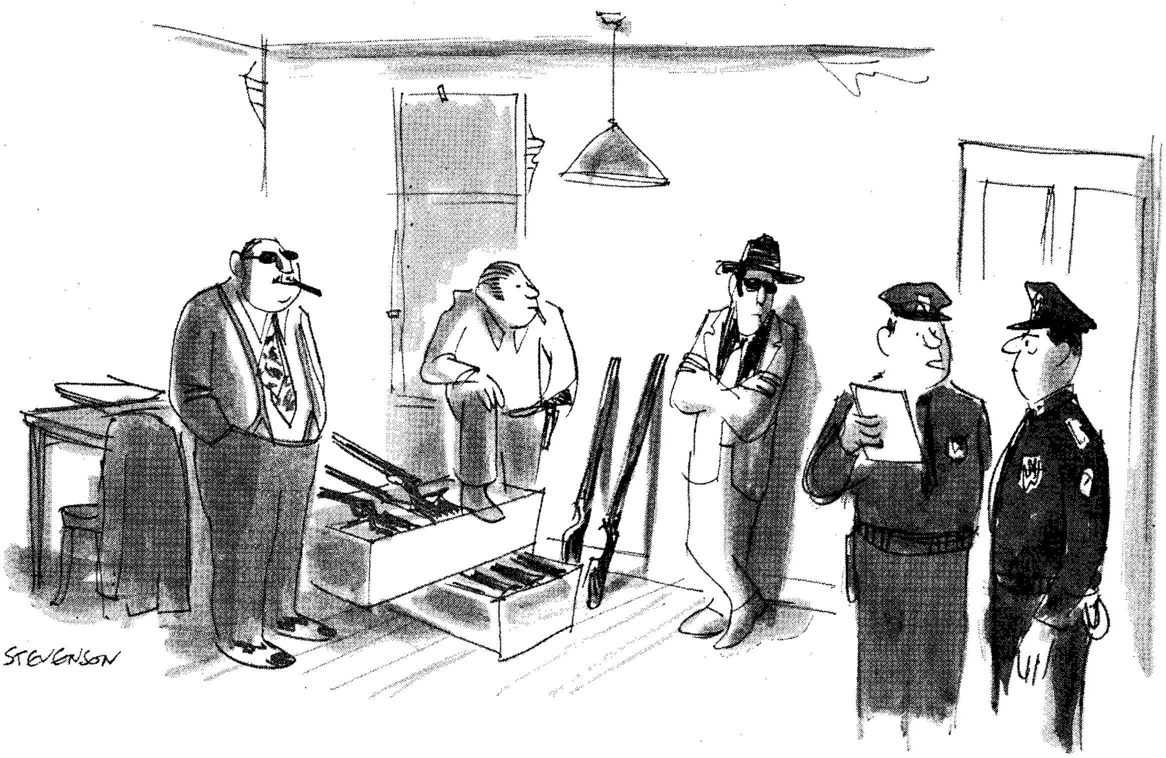
"If I ever brought Nancy to anything, it wouldn't be hard to take her away from me. Even you could. Why don't you go take a look in the woods. Maybe she's here and forgot to check in with you."

"Walker, you *are* a wet smack," said Jamie.

"Yeah, and you're not dry behind the ears," said Walker.

It was a fairly large party and included people who were still in prep school and people who had children of their own, and a greater number of those in between. It would have been possible for Nancy to have arrived at the boathouse, stayed there a few minutes, and vanished in the woods without Jamie's having seen her. To make sure she hadn't, he went to the hostess-chaperon, Gwen Lloyd, and said, "I've been looking all over for Nancy Liggett."

"She isn't here," said Gwen. "She called up and said she wasn't coming. Offered no excuse, and she was sup-



"I'm afraid we owe them an apology, Lou. They really are a chapter of the National Rifle Association."

posed to help out with the food."

"Oh, you spoke to her? How did she seem?" said Jamie.

"How did she seem? She seemed rude and inconsiderate," said Gwen. "She was supposed to bring three dozen ears of corn for corn-on-the-cob, and when I started to ask her about them, she just hung up."

"Not like her," said Jamie.

"Well, it'll be a long time before I count on *her* again. I don't know what's got into her lately. Don't tell me you have a sneaker for her, Jamie."

"What if I did?" said Jamie.

"Well, that's your business, but you'd do better with someone your own age."

"Nancy's the same age. Exactly the same age. We were both born in 1904."

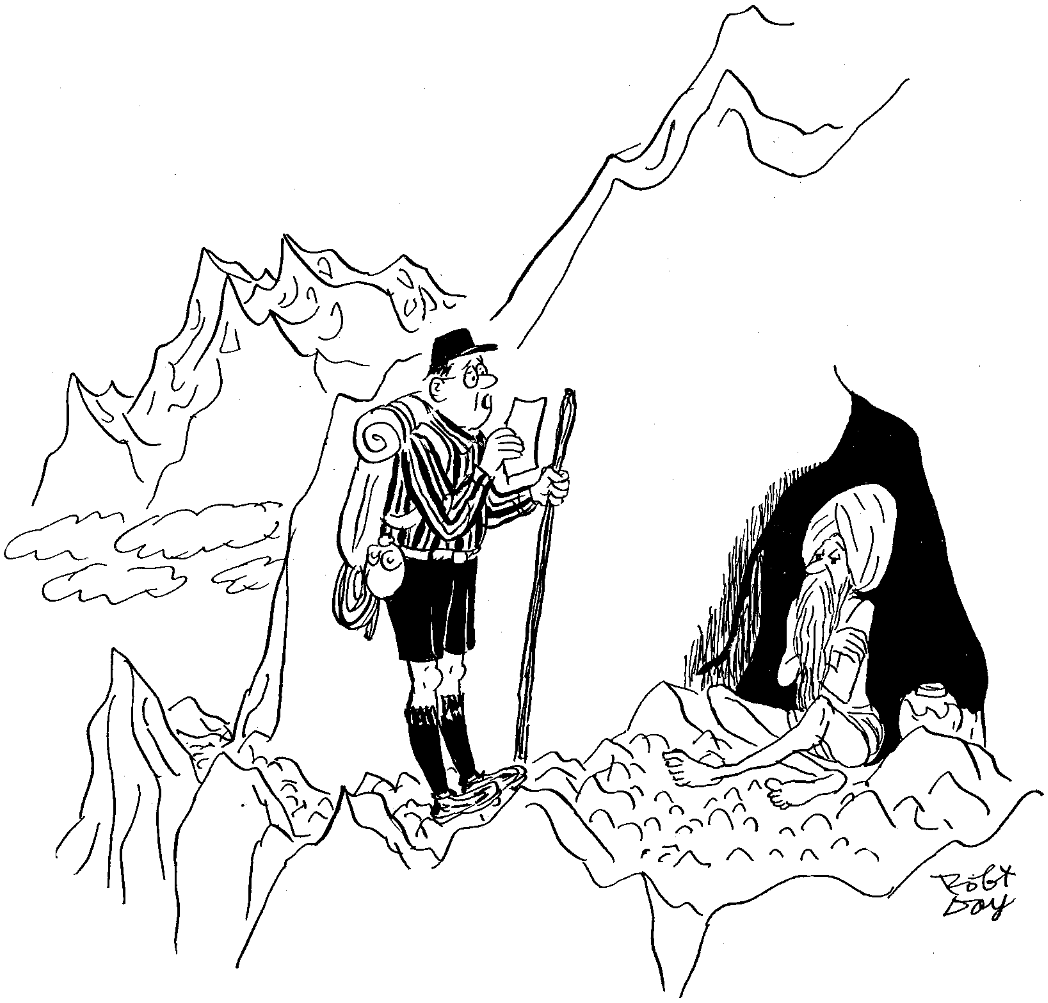
"Girls mature earlier," said Gwen. "You're still in college, and she's been home two or three years."

"What are you not saying that you're kind of hinting at?"

"Just that she's older than you, even if you were born the same year."

"Well, at least she called up and said she wasn't coming," said Jamie.

"Yes, you do have a sneaker for her," said Gwen.



"I am the owner of common stock in the following companies . . ."

"I'm not as naïve as you'd make me out to be," he said.

"You're away most of the time. I just hope you don't fall for Nancy Liggett," said Gwen.

"I think maybe I have."

"Then forget everything I've said," said Gwen. "Heaven knows she needs someone she can depend on. And that's *all* I'm going to *say*."

"You married people! You'd think you had some monopoly on how people react."

"In certain things we have more experience," said Gwen.

"I'll say you have," said Jamie. "Who's going to chaperon the chaperons, that's what we always say."

"Uncalled for, that remark," said Gwen. "If you're not having a good time, nobody's asking you to stay."

"Then I bid you a fond adieu," said Jamie. It was close to eleven o'clock and from his point of view the party had been a frost. Some of the people had paired off and vanished; the singers were going through their repertory; two tables of bridge had settled down in the boathouse; Walker Choate was trying to persuade an out-of-town girl to go canoeing with him. It was all very much like every other swimming-party picnic the Lloyds had given, except that on this one Jamie had had no fun, no fun at all.

On his way home he slowed down as he passed the Liggetts' house. There was a light on in the room that he knew to be Nancy's bedroom, but Mr. and Mrs. Liggett were not the kind of people who sanctioned midnight visitors. At home Jamie went to the icebox and got a glass of milk, to the cakebox and got a couple of brownies. He sat on the kitchen table with his feet resting on a chair and pondered the newest mystery in his life: why had he never fallen in love with Nancy Liggett until he had seen her good looks washed away by tears, her face made plain by misery? Ah, well, it was not much of a mystery, really. Her good looks had always kept him away, and now she was just like anyone else—except that he was in love with her. And he would never be the same again. A new organ had come to life, somewhere in his chest, and it was pumping something warm and sweet through the rest of him. Nancy Liggett, who needed someone she could depend on.

He had a ladder match to play the next afternoon, and he thought of defaulting, but his best chance of seeing Nancy would be at the club pool. He played the match and won, had a ginger ale with the kid he had beaten, took a shower and put on his bathing suit and went to the pool. She was there, sitting by herself with her chin on her knees and her arms clasping her legs. She looked up at him as he dropped his towel and sat beside her. "Hello," she said.

"Do you mind?" he said.

"I'm not being very conversational," she said.

"Well, that makes two of us," he said. "You didn't go to the Lloyds'."

"No," she said.

"I left fairly early. It was still going strong, but the only person I wanted to talk to wasn't there."

"No?"

"No," he said.

"I warned you I wasn't being very conversational," she said. She picked up her bathing cap and pulled it on, tucking in wisps of her blond hair, cocking her head as she did, and unconsciously being extremely feminine and attractive. She stood up and went to the edge of the pool, hesitated, and dived in. He waited to see her when she got out, with her wet bathing suit sticking to her body, but he also wanted to see if she would return to their place. He had quite a while to wait. She swam very slowly up and down the length of the pool, floated a bit, and finally climbed out.

"You weren't going to get rid of me that way," he said.

"It was worth a try," she said. She took off her cap and dried the back of her neck and ran her fingers through her hair. She lit a cigarette and lowered herself to the concrete.

"How's the water?" he said.

"Very damp," she said. "You ought to investigate it."

"All right. Will you be here when I get back?"

"Why not? I was here first," she said.

He dived in and repeated her slow swim and float, and climbed out. "Can I have one of your butts?"

She pushed the pack and matches toward him. He lit one and took a couple of drags. "Don't be sore at me, Nancy. I didn't do anything. I just happened to *be* there, coming out of the bank."

"I'm not sore at you—just as long as you don't ask any questions," she said.

"I want to know, though. And it isn't just idle curiosity."

"What else is it?"

"Do you really want to know?" he said.

She turned and faced him. "Yes."

"It's love," he said.

"Oh, for Jesus' sake," she said.

"You said you wanted to know, and I told you," he said.

"I certainly didn't want to know that," she said.

"It doesn't put you under any obligation."

"I'll say it doesn't," she said.

"I just found out myself, last night."

"Because you saw me blubbering on the public street, you came to the conclusion that you're in love with me. You'd change your mind pretty quickly if you knew *why* I was crying," she said. "And you'll know soon enough. Everybody will. All of you. Everybody at this pool. Old Mr. Griffiths down there on the eighth tee. Johnny Wells, Mr. Charlton, Stanley Griffiths. The fussy foursome. You'd better get away before they all see you with me."

"What's the matter, Nancy?"

"Oh, for God's sake leave me alone," she said. She pulled up her knees again and rested her chin on them, and wept.

GOD BLESS THE GIDEONS

OR, THERE'S ALWAYS THE KING JAMES VERSION

High near the mountain or low near the ocean,
Hard by the spa, it's the same old hotel,
Born of a Middle Victorian notion,
Reaching full stature, with ell tacked on ell.

Septuagenarians crowd its verandas,
Leathery lady and fragile old man,
Sunning like lizards or dozing like pandas,
Dreaming of dinner, American plan.

Far past the TV room, far past the cardroom,
Deep in a cranny encompassed by nooks,
Dim as a dungeon and grim as a guardroom,
There is the library, these are the books—

Gone the gay jackets with blurbs parading,
Along the spine the titles are fading:
"If Winter Comes," by A. S. M. Hutch.,
"Castle Craneycrow," George Barr McCutch.,
"The Amateur Gentleman," Jeffery Farnol,
"Hilda Lessways," Bennett, Arnol',
"Calvin Coolidge," C. Bascom Slemp,
"Over the Top," Arthur Guy Emp.,
"The Green Hat," Michael Arlen,
"Blind Raftery," Donn Byrne's Irish darlin'.
Here lie Cosmo Hamilton, A. Hamilton Gibbs,
Joan Lowell, Trader Horn and their fabulous fibs,
"The Art of Thinking," a tattered "Freckles,"
And an early, early Beverley Nichols.

Forty years on, when, afar and asunder,
Ashes are those who are reading today,
Strangers will gaze on our leavings with wonder,
Sum up an era and turn to croquet.

Behind glass doors not wholly hidden,
A literary kitchen midden,
The musty rubble of a race
Which fed on Kinsey and "Peyton Place."
De Sade and "Valley of the Dolls" consort
With "Story of O" and "The Chapman Report,"
The "Tropics," and other tins of sex;
Also, "The Agony and the Ecs.,"
"Advise and Consent," by a Mr. Drury,
That life of Harlow, unhappy houri,
And, yes, "How Probate to Avoid,"
And "Papa Hemingway," not by Freud;
Memoirs of Getty, mystery Croesus,
And "Are You Running with Me, Jesus?"
In a corner, "This Is My Beloved,"
Penned by a twentieth-century Ovid,
And at one end, cleared by the courts,
A mildewed batch of Grove Press orts.

Golden pens and royalties must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

—OGDEN NASH

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"What *is* it? I *love* you, Nancy."

"Oh, Christ almighty, Jamie. I want to die. I want to *die*."

"Let's go someplace. Get dressed and we'll go for a ride," he said. She looked at him and she was not pretty, but there was the beginning of trust in her eyes.

"Where will you take me?" she said.

"Anywhere you say."

She put her towel to her face and sniffled. "Where's your car?"

"In the second row, halfway down the hill."

"I'll be there in ten minutes," she

said. "Don't you come with me. I'll meet you in your car."

IT took them longer than ten minutes, but she was there waiting when he got to his car. She was pretty again, in a flowery print sleeveless dress and a necklace of tiny Tecla pearls.

"Any place you want to go?"

She shook her head, and with her fingers only she waved to the clubhouse. "Goodbye, club," she said. "Nice to have known you."

They passed through two towns before either of them said anything. "Are you thirsty? I am," he said.

"Very," she said.

He stopped the car at a roadside stand and got a couple of mugs of root beer. "This is all they had," he said. "Out of everything else."

"I love root beer," she said. "Remember those picnics when we were very little? At the Griffiths' farm? I got stung by yellow jackets one year."

"Well?"

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"I was there. You were certainly a mess. All puffed up."

"And Mrs. Griffiths put clay all over me, supposed to take the sting out but it didn't."

"The wrong kind of clay, I guess."

"I minded that worse than the sting, that mud all over my face and arms," she said. "Well, I should have gotten used to it. The mud's going to fly thick and fast."

"You don't have to talk about it, Nance," he said.

"Oh, I can now. We're not even in the same county, so I can talk, and I want to." She handed him her mug, and he returned it to the refreshment stand. They drove away.

"Do you think I'm pregnant, Jamie? Is that what you think it is?"

"The possibility occurred to me."

"Well, it might be a possibility but it doesn't happen to be what I was crying about," she said. "It's my father."

"Your father?"

"They came and arrested him this morning. It'll be in the paper this afternoon. Judge McDermott released him on bail, but he's going to have to go to prison."

"For what?"

"Misappropriation of funds. Daddy is a thief. He stole over sixty thousand dollars in three years."

"At the Trust Company?"

"Yes. When you saw me yesterday he had just signed a confession. I was there when he signed it. I went to his office to ask him for some money. Poor Daddy. He hated to refuse me anything, and didn't very often. But there I was, and some lawyers and a detective—although I didn't know that that's what they were. 'Gentlemen, my daughter is here to ask me for some money. Shall I tell her what my excuse is for turning her down?' One of the men said no, it would be cruel. But Daddy said I had to find out sometime. Sixty thousand dollars, and he doesn't know where it all went. He told me to go home and be with Mother when she got the bad news. Today I went to the club for the last time ever. Monday I start looking for a job."

"Your mother has some money, hasn't she?"

"Some. Enough for her to live on, I guess, but not in our house."

"I wondered why you said 'Goodbye, club.' I had a feeling it meant something."

"And you were right," she said. "About *that*. You weren't right in suspecting I was pregnant. I'm much too careful for that."

"I wouldn't know," he said.

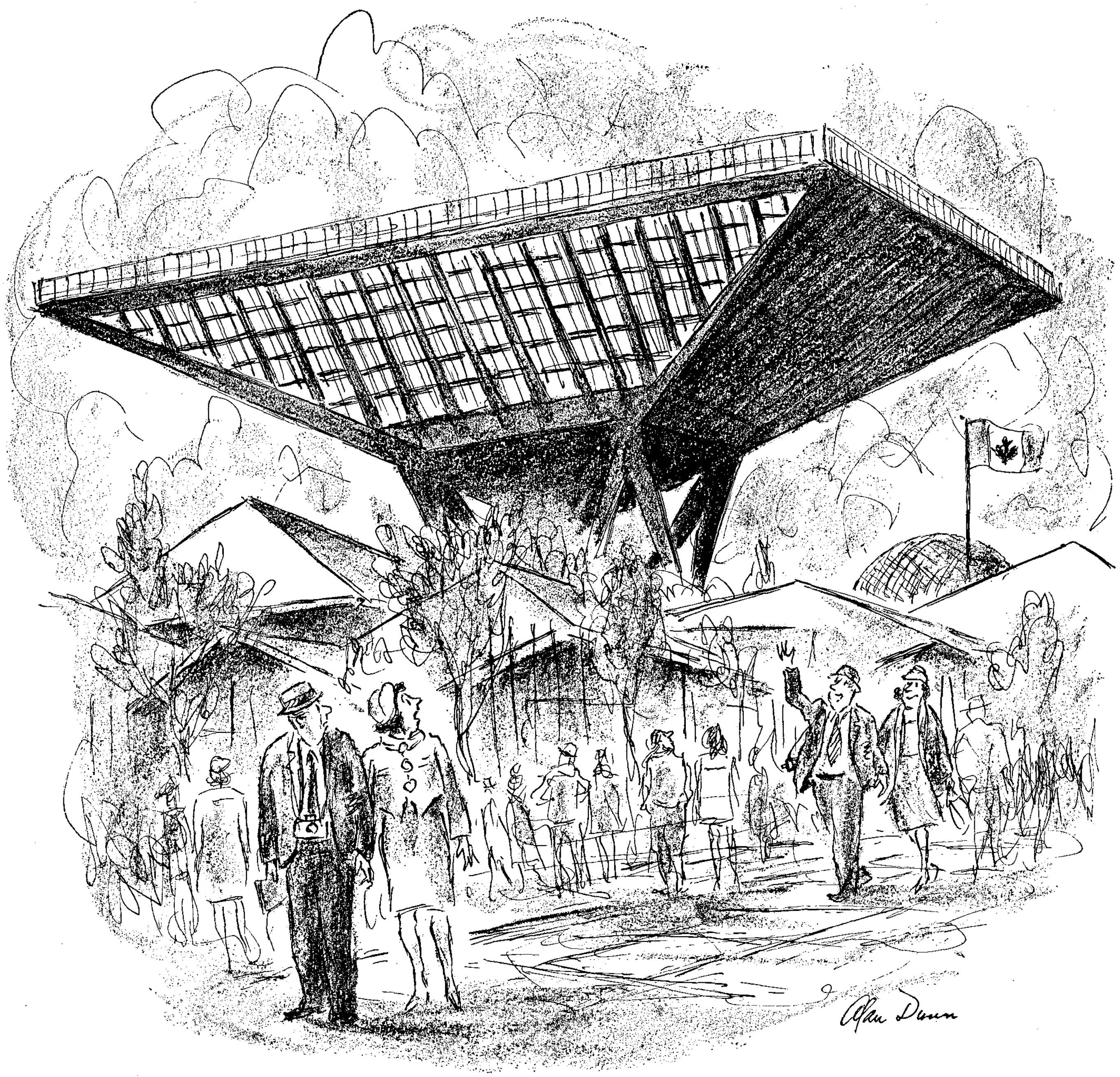
"No, and the only person that would know—I don't expect to see *him* any more. Not after he hears about Daddy. So I guess I'm going to start being virtuous, for a change."

"Oh, stop trying to be so sophisticated. You make me sick. Whoever the guy is—and I'll bet I could guess—you don't know *what* he's going to do."

"Don't I? He's quaking in his boots right now, terrified that he'd somehow get mixed up in this."

"If that's your opinion of him, why did you have an affair with him?"

"Oh, Jamie, what a question. I



"Oh dear! It's the What's-Their-Names. General Motors Pavilion, '65."

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knew what I was letting myself in for, but that didn't stop me."

"Well, at least his wife doesn't know. Although she is sore at you."

"How do you know?"

"Because you were supposed to bring three dozen ears of corn to her picnic last night," he said.

"Oh," she said.

"Who else could it be? As soon as I knew I was in love with you, I spent all last night figuring out all the possibilities. I finally narrowed it down to two."

"Who was the other?" said Nancy.

"That wet-smack cousin of mine, Walker," he said.

"No. Not Walker."

"I'm glad of that, anyway," he said.

"He is a wet smack, isn't he? And his wife is so unattractive. At least Gwen is pretty. A bitch, but pretty. At least I never felt that I was taking candy from a baby."

"Gwen thinks you ought to have someone you can depend on," he said.

"How touching."

"I think so, too," he said.

"And so do I. That makes three of us."

"Why don't you marry me?" he said.

"Let me find a job first," she said. "What do they pay you at the bank?"

"Fifteen dollars a week."

"Which is probably what I'll get, if I'm lucky. We could be gloriously happy on thirty a week, you and I."

"I'll have some money when I'm twenty-five."

"Yes, but what do we do in the meantime? Thanks for the offer, Jamie. But you have another year in college, and then I suppose they'll pack you off to the Harvard Business School, and then you ought to have a year or two in Wall Street. You and I are exactly the same age, but do you see how young you are? And how old I am?"

"I didn't like the sound of that when I heard it from Gwen," he said.

"Ask me again four years from now," she said.

"I don't want to have to wait that long," he said.

"We don't have to wait, for everything," she said. —JOHN O'HARA

THE OMBUDSMAN

Roswell Dinnitt kicked off his rubbers, placed them neatly together in the hall, and went into the kitchen, where his wife, Dorothea, was stripping rhubarb. He kissed her absently, then stared out the window at the cold rain that made the trees glisten like snakes. "They made me ombudsman today," he said.

"The flour's in that tin behind you," Dorothea said. "Be a love and hand it here."

Dinnitt reached for the flour and examined it for a moment before giving it to Dorothea. "I wonder what next," he said.

"Milk," said Dorothea. "But not for a minute."

"I mean with me," he said. "Now that I'm ombudsman, what next?"

"We're going to the Gaffneys' for dinner on Friday," said Dorothea. "Whatever you do, don't make any plans for Friday."

"It's not that simple," replied Dinnitt. "Do you realize I'm the first ombudsman to be appointed in this city? That kind of thing makes you think."

"I'd say being first is a good thing. If there'd been one before you, you'd have precedent to worry about. This way, you can blaze your own trails. They pay you much?"

"I guess you don't understand. I'm the defender of the public."

"Against who? Now I'll have the milk."

"Against whoever. If someone feels their rights have been violated, they come to me."

"I asked for the milk, please. And what do you do?"

"I investigate. Then, if I find there's been wrong done, I censure. Or I take it to court."

"Roswell Dinnitt, you drive me crazy," Dorothea said. "The first time someone thinks up a new job, you snatch at it just as though you didn't have enough to do with your time. Don't you have any sense of proportion?"

"But the Mayor offered it to me. What would you do if the Mayor offered a job to you?"

"The same as I'd do if Chou En-lai offered me one. I'd tell him to take his job and get some other sucker to do it."

Dinnitt drew himself up. "It may not have occurred to you, but the public defender is a position of honor."

The telephone rang, and Dinnitt started to pick it up, then hesitated. "Maybe you'd better take it," he said.

She looked at him as the phone rang again. "For a public defender, you seem slightly on the chicken side," she said.

"Oh, very well," said Dinnitt, and he grabbed the instrument and intoned, "Dinnitt here."

"That's the first time you ever answered a phone like that in your life," Dorothea observed. "Has this new job changed you all that much?"

The voice on the telephone was that of the Mayor. "Hello, kiddo," he said. "We seem to have started something with your appointment."

"Oh?" said Dinnitt. "Like what?"

"Like people are already calling in. I told them to call your office tomorrow."

"Thanks," said Dinnitt. "I appreciate that."

"That's all right," replied the Mayor. "Any time I can help, just buzz."

Dinnitt hung up and looked at his wife. "You know what they say about the Presidency?" he asked.

"Several things," said Dorothea. "Which one?"

"They say the man grows to fit the job. I feel a little that way myself."

Dorothea looked at the ceiling. "Oh, God," she said. "It looks like a long summer."

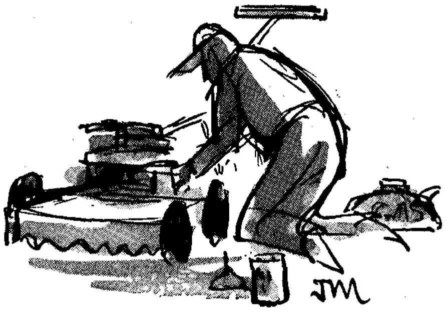
When Dinnitt got to his office next morning, his secretary seemed harassed. "The Translucent Workers' Union has been trying to get you since eight o'clock," she said. "And there's a Mrs. Wemmix in the waiting room. She says it's urgent."

"Tell her I can't see her now," Dinnitt replied. "What do the Translucent Workers want, and who are they?"

"Mrs. Wemmix says she won't leave until you see her," the secretary replied. "She's got a gun."

"Show her in," said Dinnitt, moving into his inner office.

In a moment, Mrs. Wemmix appeared. She was short and dumpy, and looked as though she had dressed in a bus station. She carried an antique brassbound pistol, which she pointed at Dinnitt. "Don't move," she said.



"Mrs. Wemmix," said Dinnitt testily, "if we're going to get anywhere with this interview, I suggest you point that pistol somewhere else. Not that I'm afraid you'll shoot me, because it isn't cocked and there's no flint in the hammer."

"Aha!" she exclaimed. "You have proved my point!"

"What point?" asked Dinnitt. The buzzer on his desk sounded, and he said, "Excuse me," and picked up the phone.

"The Police Brutality League is on the line," his secretary said. "And the Translucent Workers called again."

"I can't talk to anyone now," Dinnitt replied. "Try to find out what they want, and I'll call back." Then to Mrs. Wemmix, who had started to raise her pistol again, he said, "Just what point were you talking about?"

"The gun won't work," she said. "So how should I be booked on a Sullivan Law count?"

"It depends on what you used the gun for," Dinnitt replied—uneasily, because he wasn't sure of his ground. "If you used it for a holdup, I suppose that would come under the law."

"Do I look like a holdup man?" Mrs. Wemmix asked, pointing the pistol at him. "Look me square in the eye and tell me I look like Jesse James."

"I didn't mean that," said Dinnitt. "It was just an example. Did you point it at anyone?"

"Of course I pointed it at someone!" Mrs. Wemmix replied, her voice rising. "I pointed it at a burglar!"

Dinnitt stared at her. "In your house?" he asked.

"The same thing. On the porch. He was about to burgle me, so I ran out and pointed the gun at him, and he called a cop. *I* got arrested, because I pointed a gun at a burglar. What kind of justice is that?"

Dinnitt turned and looked out the window. "Where was he when you pointed it at him?" he asked.

"On my porch."

The buzzer sounded, and Dinnitt picked the phone up gratefully. "A man from the Translucent Workers' Union is here," his secretary said. "That's what they called about before—to say he was coming."

"Send him in," Dinnitt said, with an eye on Mrs. Wemmix, who was rummaging in her bag. "Mrs. Wemmix, I'd say your case is one for the courts," he said. "Although it's obvious that the gun doesn't—"

"Oh no you don't," Mrs. Wemmix interrupted. "You don't weasel out of it that way. My rights were violated and I demand redress."

The door opened, and his secretary ushered in a beefy, florid-faced man in a dark pin-striped suit, fawn spats, and a hand-painted necktie. "Mr. Larkspur," she said.

"Mr. Larkspur, meet Mrs. Wemmix," Dinnitt said. "We were just—"

"Hell of a lot of good it does to have an ombudsman if you can't get him on the phone," Larkspur said, ignoring Mrs. Wemmix and pulling a chair around so as to sit facing Dinnitt across his desk. "Do you realize what would happen if the Translucent Workers' Union were to strike this city?" he asked.

"Until now, I hadn't given it much thought," Dinnitt admitted.

"A great choice *you* were for ombudsman. I thought you had to be up on things."

"I'm learning," Dinnitt replied mildly.

"Then I'm giving it to you straight. The city would stop. Right smack dead in its tracks."

Dinnitt cleared his throat. "Exactly what is it that the—" he began, but Larkspur cut him off by slamming a bulging folder on his desk.

"Here are the facts," Larkspur said. He took out a panatela, bit off the end, and spat it on the rug. "The plain, unvarnished facts. Since you don't know anything about it, you'd better memorize them before you make a decision. But I can help to fill you in on the broad picture." He lit the cigar, drew heavily on it, and examined the tip. "It all began back in 1910," he said. "That's when the Translucent Workers first came into being. Trained gophers had been used to break a strike of posthole diggers in Altoona, and the need for a strong, coördinated union was apparent. The Translucent Workers' Union was the obvious answer."

"Is it all right to ask what they do?" Dinnitt said.

Larkspur stared at him in amazement. "Do?" he said. "*Do*? Do you realize how much translucent glass this city uses? How much it needs?" Dinnitt shook his head quickly, and Larkspur started an itemized list on his fingers. "Washroom doors, skylights, saloon doors, transoms, ornamental fixtures, plain lighting fixtures, office-door panels, office walls—to be brief about it, translucent glass is at the very heart of industry."

"All right," said Dinnitt. "So far, so good. What's your beef?"

"Fringe benefits," Larkspur replied. "Every other union in the city has more fringe benefits, and this kind of discrimination must stop. We want the same fringe benefits as the Static Weavers' Guild, the United Paper Polishers, and the Tenors' Union. Otherwise, we strike."

"What does management say?" Dinnitt asked.

Larkspur took a deep breath. "Let me put it this way," he said just as the door slammed open and a wild-eyed man in a T-shirt, track pants, and sneakers flung into the room. "Will you *never* answer the phone?" he shouted. "I've been trying to get you all morning!"

"I've been busy," Dinnitt replied. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I'm from the Police Brutality League. Somebody stole our whips!"

There was a silence, and then Dinnitt said, "Perhaps you'd better explain your organization."

"What does it sound like?" the man replied. "It's people who've been brutalized by the police, and we're in training for revenge."

"And somebody stole your whips?"

"Every last one. Broke the locks on the door, ransacked the apartment, and took all the whips. Not to mention several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry."

"That's out-and-out burglary," Dinnitt replied. "Breaking and entering. And larceny. That's a job for the police."

The man looked at him coldly. "Are you kidding?" he said.

Before Dinnitt could reply, his buzzer sounded. His secretary said, "I hate to tell you this, but five people in chain-mail armor just walked in."

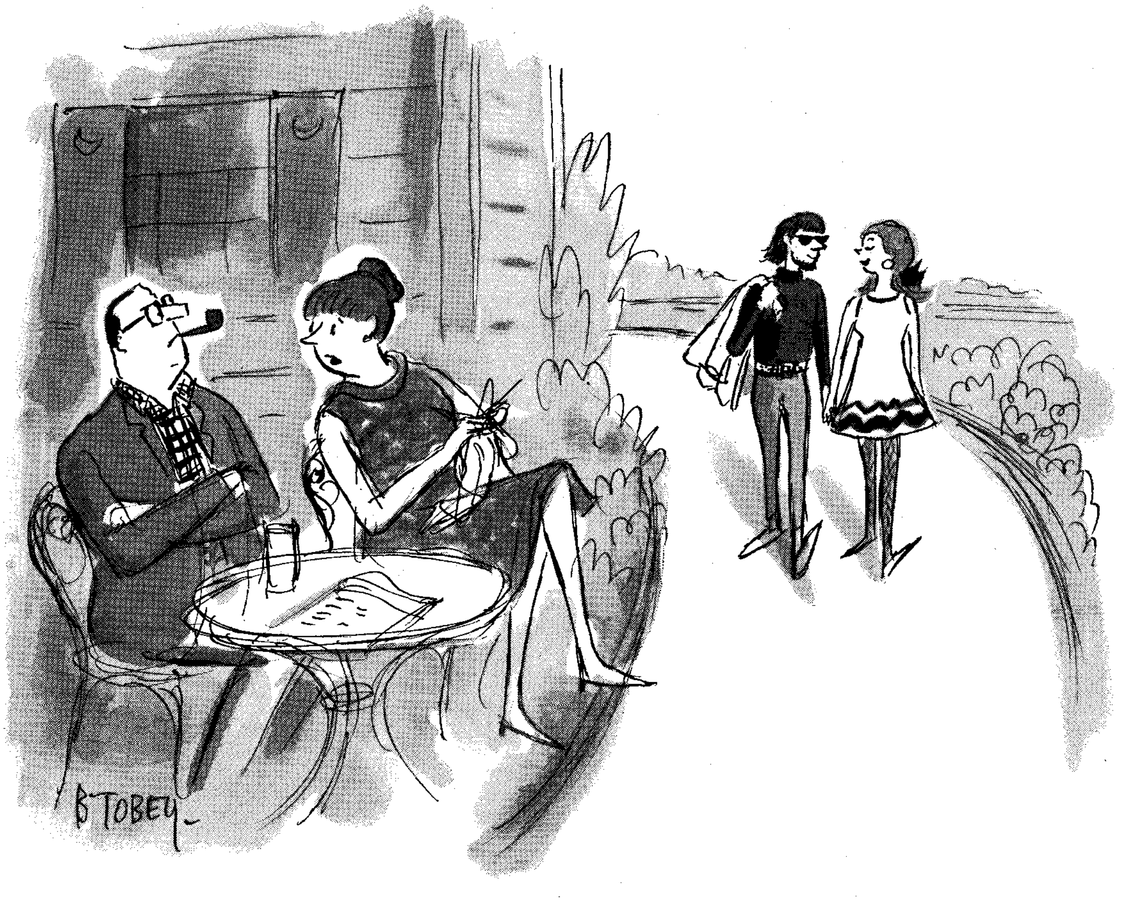
"Tell them I'm busy," Dinnitt replied. "I'm not seeing anyone else today."

"I'll tell them," said his secretary. "But I'm not sure how much good it'll do. One of them just set fire to the curtains."

Dinnitt turned to the people in his office. "Excuse me a minute," he said, and went into the waiting room.

Four men in medieval battle dress were gathered around a fifth, who was fanning a small blaze on one of the curtains. "Hey!" Dinnitt cried. "Cut that out! What do you think you're doing?"

They looked at him. "We're dramatizing our



"Janet adores him. Now, don't spoil things by asking him what he does."

grievance," said the tallest, a man who put Dinnitt vaguely in mind of Don Quixote. "Other methods having failed, we've taken this way of calling attention to our problem."

"God damn it!" Dinnitt shouted, invoking the Deity for the first time in forty-seven years. "Who are you and what is your grievance—and put out that goddam fire!"

The man who had started the fire rubbed the curtain between his mailed palms, sending a shower of charred and smoking material onto the rug, and the man who looked like Don Quixote said, "We're museum guards. We're demanding protection against children and vandals, and, failing that, we're demanding the right to strike children on Saturdays and holidays. We've taken as much as mortal men can bear."

"You'll never be allowed to strike children," Dinnitt replied. "Never in a million years."

"Start the fire again, Lester," the tall man said, and the man at the curtain produced a cigarette lighter and began flicking the flint.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Dinnitt cried just as the door opened and a small man in a muffler and galoshes looked in, screamed, and disappeared.

"Don't do anything until I get back!" Dinnitt said, and bolted out into the hall. The small man was standing by the elevators, frantically pushing the "down" button. "Is there anything I can do for you?" Dinnitt asked. There didn't *seem* to be anything he could do, but asking was as good an excuse as any to get out of his office.

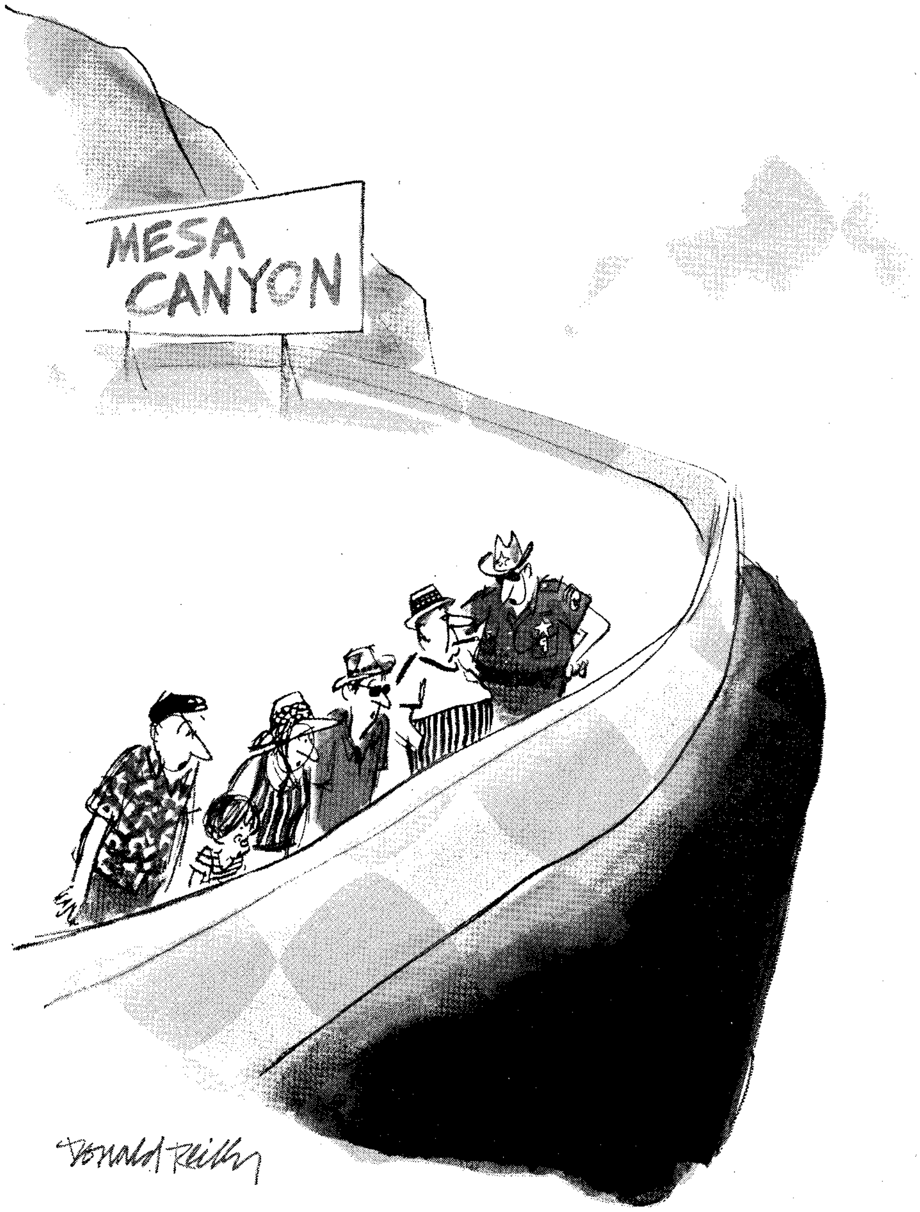
"Never mind," the man replied, continuing to stab at the button. "I'm the ombudsman from Perth Amboy and I thought I might—"

"You're the what?" asked Dinnitt, approaching him quietly.

"From Perth Amboy. We've started the ombudsman system there, and I thought I might get a few pointers, but I can see—"

The elevator arrived, and the man darted into it, with Dinnitt close behind him. "I think you and I might have a long talk," said Dinnitt. "How about a drink?"

"I'll have a drink under one condition," the man replied, "and that is that you understand that I cry easily and no longer hold my liquor very well."



"Look, Mac, how come you're not boggling?"

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AN hour later, Dinnitt examined the notes he had made on a dozen damp bar napkins. "All right," he said. "See how this just little old sounds. 'We, the undersigned ombudsmen—' "

"Those are the most beautiful words I ever heard," the little man said with a sob. "Say them again."

"Let me get to the meat of it," Dinnitt replied. " 'Have formed an *ad-hoc* committee—' "

"*Hic, haec, hoc*," said his companion. "Or words to that effect." He blew his nose.

" 'To protect the rights of ombudsmen,' " Dinnitt went on.

"Don't you think an *ad-huic* committee would sound better?"

"All right. 'Have formed an *ad-huic* committee.' Then a list of our demands, starting with double-time pay during vacations and taking in medical and psychiatric care, armed bodyguards, and unlimited weekends. You mentioned something else. What was it?"

The little man thought for a while. "Search me," he said.

"Oh, I know." Carefully, Dinnitt wrote it down. "The right to take arms against a sea of troubles," he said. "And by opposing end them." He looked at what he had written, and stood up. "To the picket lines," he said, reaching for his hat and upsetting a bowl of peanuts.

"To the picket lines," said the little man, and he followed Dinnitt out of the bar and down the street toward City Hall. —NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

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To find a brown creeper's nest, walk through a forest in May, June or even July. Investigate every brown leaf that flutters downward and hits the bottom of a tree trunk. . . .—*Audubon Magazine.*

And don't be late for dinner.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ON THE SEVENTH DAY THEY STOPPED

IT will be some time before the precise details of how the first shots were fired in the Arab-Israeli war can be set down with full assurance. But everybody in Israel has a story about the first shots he happened to hear. They came as no real surprise, because those of us who were there had all seen fear and anger pressing, always more urgently, for release. But they still came as a shock.

A few minutes before eleven-thirty on Monday morning, June 5th, in Jerusalem, I heard rifle pings. The sound was not unusual in Jerusalem. A number of streets on the Jewish side of the city had been blocked for years by cement or metal walls, built to spoil the view of snipers from the other side. I happened to be walking down Jaffa Road, carrying my typewriter, to a car I had rented an hour earlier. Renting the car had been a precaution, but neither the solicitous girl at the rental agency nor I had mentioned the reason while we filled out the forms. The radio had broadcast a special bulletin at 8:10 A.M. announcing an outbreak of firing on the Sinai front. Shortly afterward, there had been an air-raid alert in Tel Aviv. At nine, instead of giving the news, the broadcaster had droned out a coded mobilization order, naming each unit and its station. Many men and women had already gone in the successive call-ups during three weeks of growing menace. Now there would be no more drivers and probably no more taxis, because Israel's reserve forces draw upon civilian vehicles as well as civilian manpower. But neither the broadcasts nor the first few shots really made it clear that war had started. There had been so many incidents, so many explosions. Zvi Avrami, the manager of the King David Hotel, where I was staying, had been eager to discuss the situation as he gave me street directions that morning. "It is very depressing, Madam," he had said to me. "If it comes, we'll win. But who needs it?" Then he had gone off to get his uniform and report for duty. (The next time I saw him, he was running the St. George Hotel, on the other side of Jerusalem, where occupation headquarters had been established. But that was much later—a hundred hours later.)

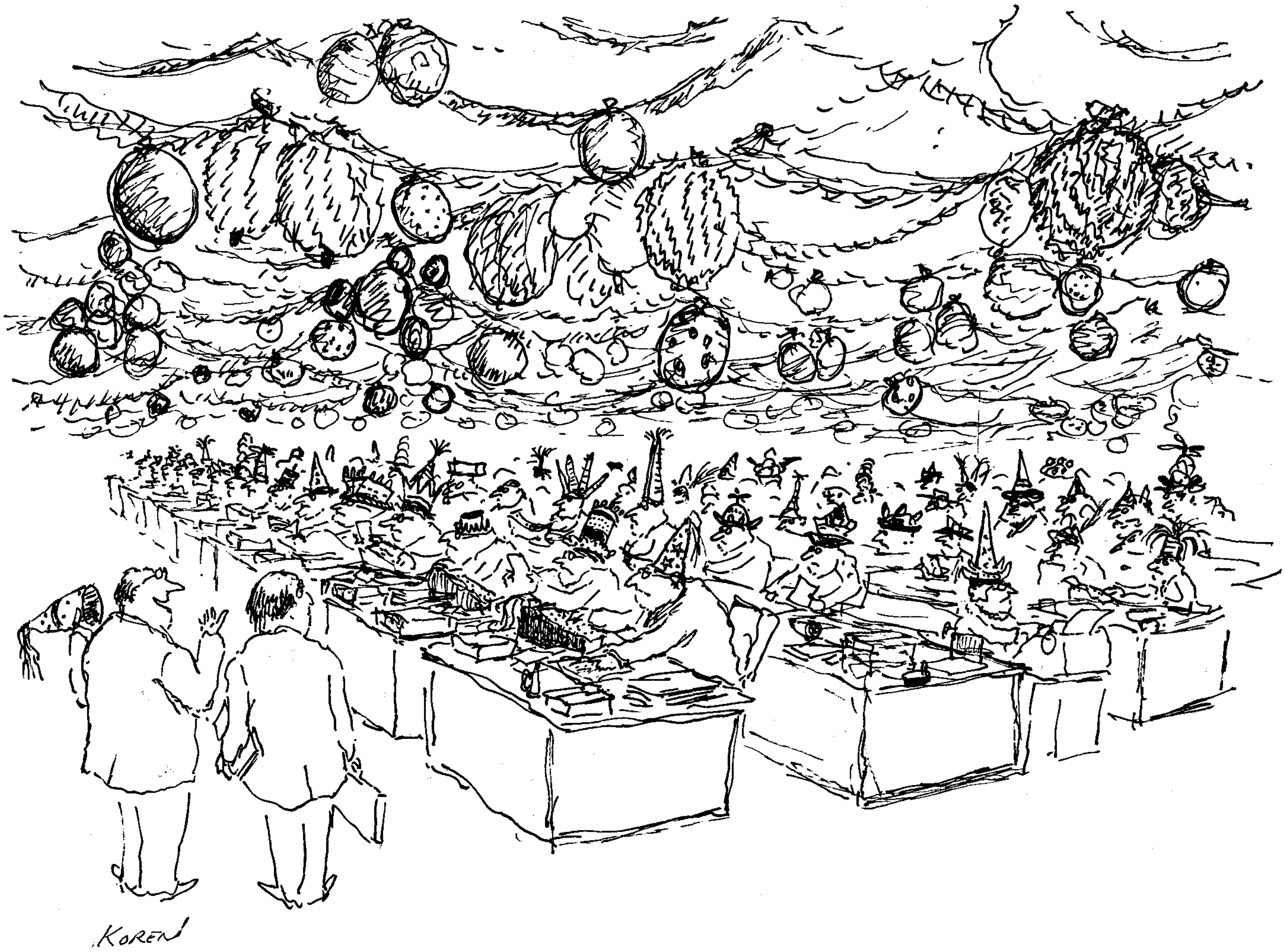
As I walked along Jaffa Road that morning, I became aware that the rifle fire was not stopping after two or three cracks. In a minute or so, I heard machine-gun bursts, and then there was the thud of a mortar. Some of the people on the street ran. I didn't know for sure where the car was, so I ducked into an alcove leading to a shop and found with great relief that I still had my city map in my hand. I studied it while I waited for the shooting to end. Across the street, a young man was carefully washing his store window before putting up tape.

Even the most expected of battles must take a while to penetrate the unwilling mind. That is what happened in Jerusalem. The shelters had long been prepared. A wave of panic buying of food and candles had come and gone a week before. I knew that Tamar Kollek, the wife of Jerusalem's Mayor, had had some unhappy talks with her neighbors, because, although sand had been distributed throughout the town for fire prevention in case of air raids, the Kolleks and their neighbors were still waiting for their share. "I told them our street was last," Mrs. Kollek said. "And the people weren't pleased." In her own modest apartment, the only precaution she had taken was to move her husband's collection of pre-Roman earthenware jugs down from the top of a bookshelf to the floor, along with some framed gouaches of the Marc Chagall window designs for the Hadassah Medical Center that had been given to the Kolleks by the painter. A large collection of ancient jewelry, opalescent glass, and other archeological finds that the Kolleks had assembled over the years were not moved from two crammed vitrines in the sitting room. (The Mayor, known to nearly everyone in the city as Teddy—Israel being perhaps the only country in the world to use first names even more quickly than America—told me later he had not thought Jerusalem would come under heavy attack. He had expected some shooting, of course, and quite possibly an effort to cut off the Israelis in the city, but not sustained direct shelling. "It was too obvious that it could work both ways—that the Jordanians were just as vulnerable as we," he said, in weary puzzlement when it was over. "But King Hussein put his armies under an Egyptian commander, and he lost control.")

When the attack did come, the sirens and the radio warned everyone into the shelters. There was no compulsion, no pushing, no curfew. You could roam the empty streets if you wished. But almost everybody knew just what he had to do, and did it. I never saw or heard of a case of panic—not even a forgotten dog howling in the road.

I found the car, which luckily had not been hit, and drove back to the King David Hotel. It is only a few hundred feet from the border, within easy range on three sides, but it is built of the rosy Jerusalem stone that gives the city both its beauty and its solid strength. (Throughout Jerusalem, I noticed afterward, the rough blocks of stone had resisted everything except direct shell hits.) An empty bus was standing in the middle of the road blocking the hotel's driveway, so I parked across the street in front of the Y.M.C.A. and then ran. The bus passengers, half of them children, were in the hotel. They had been coming up to Jerusalem from a village down the valley when they had suddenly found that they were being fired at. The driver, a dark Yemenite, had stomped down on the accelerator and zigzagged as evasively as possible around mountain curves until he reached the first big building. There he had slammed on the brakes and ordered everybody out to shelter. The hotel barman, Reuven Gat—formerly Robert Guth, of Vienna—was distributing free lemonade to the children.

Men in battle dress with steel helmets, barely recognizable as the clerks and waiters who had been wearing very different uniforms when I had gone out two hours before, were milling around near the door, their rifles and tommy guns tossed casually on the



"It's our way of welcoming in the fiscal New Year."

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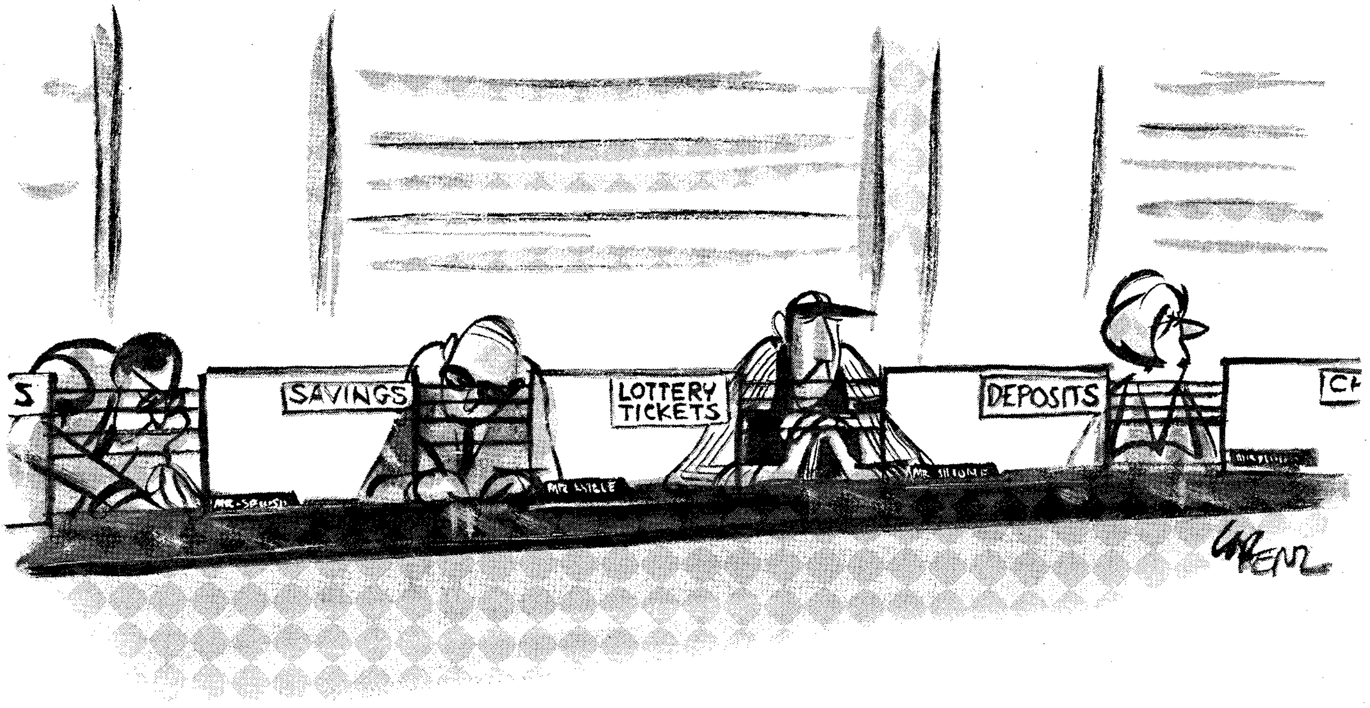
carpet. The only tourists still in the hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Berger, of New York, whose round-the-world trip had already turned out to be more exciting than they would have wished. They had been caught in some demonstrations in Latin America and they were in Hong Kong during the anti-British riots. Mrs. Berger was worried about their guide, who had promised to come at one o'clock to drive them to Tel Aviv if he could make it. "He must have known it was going to happen," she kept saying. "But he didn't tell us anything—only that he would come if he could. What do you think? Will he show up?" (The Tel Aviv road was under sporadic fire all day, but the Bergers got out of Jerusalem that day. I don't know who took them.)

About twelve-thirty, a shell fell some fifteen feet in front of the hotel entrance—the one unexposed side. It smashed a tree and sent blast waves through the lobby. Fragments of the shell wounded several men. They were given first aid and taken away in an ambulance. At that point, the rest of us were urged down to the basement night club, which served as a shelter, its high windows having been sandbagged. Some Englishmen were at the bar, drinking gin-and-tonic. To my surprise, I found that lunch was being served. It seemed a good idea to eat, because there was no telling when there would be another chance. Reuven Gat recited the menu—grapefruit or noodle soup, liver or boiled chicken, salad, pastry or compote. He was nervous, but he took all the greater care to polish the glasses, pour the wine for tasting, serve from the left, and remove plates from the right. It seemed an odd way to serve a meal under such circumstances, but he worked with the same extreme consideration all through the week. (After the war ended, he learned that his son had been knifed to death while trying to rescue some wounded friends in the Old City. I went to speak to him when I heard about it. "His name was Avraham," he told me. "We called him Avi. He was nineteen and a half. He didn't live yet. He was only starting a life." The father's face was frozen in a peculiar grimace, and he scrubbed the bar all the time he talked, rubbing so hard it seemed that he would have worn through a thinner piece of wood.)

IN the middle of that first afternoon, Mayor Kollek turned up at the hotel. As usual, he was in an open-necked sports shirt, his broad brow wrinkled, but the corners of his mouth raised in a quiet smile. He had been inspecting the city in his car, a rather dilapidated blue Plymouth that now had a bullet hole below the back window. Kollek had come to fetch Ruth Dayan, the wife of the new Minister of Defense, Moshe Dayan, who was to be sworn in at a formal session of Israel's parliament, the Knesset, at 6 P.M. Unlike the other major departments of the government, the Ministry of Defense is in Tel Aviv, rather than in Jerusalem, and the Dayans live in a suburb of Tel Aviv that was built for high-ranking Army officers. Mrs. Dayan had driven to Jerusalem in the morning to attend to some business with a Bedouin chief whom she was advising on the



development of a cottage—or, more exactly, tent—industry for the export of homespun cloth, which Bedouin women make beautifully. Despite her husband's insistence that the ceremony would be a waste of her time, she had also planned to stay in Jerusalem to watch the swearing-in. She had stopped for gas at a gas station near the King David, when the shooting began. Foolishly, she realized later, she had taken shelter in a kiosk next to the gasoline pumps for several hours. Then she drove to the hotel and phoned her husband's secretary. Mrs. Dayan told me that her husband had scolded her when he found out she was in Jerusalem, and that she had replied, "But I told you last week I was coming up. How was I to know your war was starting today?"

Dayan told her he still couldn't see why she wanted to bother watching the Knesset formality, but she insisted on going, and Mayor Kollek and I went along with her. We were all in the Knesset shelter when her husband arrived to join the other leaders who had assembled there. David Ben-Gurion, with his crown of puffy white hair, looked smaller and bouncier than ever at eighty. I saw both Foreign Minister Abba Eban and his predecessor, Golda Meir, whose eyes struck me as disconcertingly gentle in her granite face. There was a good deal of excited talk going on, but Mrs. Meir didn't join in. When I spoke to her, she said only, "If there has to be a war, it is better we should win than the other side." There was Menachem Beigin, a shrill nationalist, who was being taken into the expanded "government of national unity" along with Dayan; as Minister Without Portfolio, Beigin was to have no specific authority. There were a dozen key military men and nearly all the members of the government—an extraordinary wartime assemblage to be under one roof within reach of the enemy's short-range artillery. Furthermore, the session had been publicly scheduled five days before. Many of the people, including Dayan, had driven up from Tel Aviv under fire that afternoon, and Jordanian gun emplacements made the Knesset a steady target all through the evening, but efforts to keep people in the shelter never worked for more than a few minutes. They kept wandering out into the lobby to chat while they waited, I finally learned, for the one dignitary who had not arrived. That was Prime Minister Levi Eshkol. People kept asking what could be delaying him.

As we waited, the news spread among us that the Israeli Air Force had destroyed most of the Egyptian Air Force that morning, and had defeated what it could reach of the Jordanian, Syrian, and Iraqi Air Forces. Someone said that three hundred and fifty enemy planes had been destroyed. (The final count was four hundred and forty-one Arab planes and nineteen Israeli planes lost.) Complete air supremacy had been achieved. It seemed incredible. But we all knew there had been no enemy planes over Jerusalem. Several people had portable radios with them, and when the next news bulletin came on, all talking stopped as we listened. The aerial victory was not mentioned; on the other hand, there was no word, either, of any raids on Tel Aviv, Haifa, Ashdod, or any other city except Nethanya, where Iraqi planes had dropped a few bombs in a suburban garden. That was at least indirect confirmation of decisive triumph in the air.

At one point in the broadcast, hearty laughter swept away the tension. An acquaintance who was translating for me said the announcer had reported that U Thant was asking King Hussein for the return of Government House, the United Nations headquarters on a hilltop that Jordanian troops had taken without resistance in the morning. Jordan had refused to leave. "But it doesn't matter," the broadcaster had continued, "because our troops have taken it from Jordan now." (After the war, I visited the complex. It had been built by the British to house their Palestine High Commissioner in the best of Imperial dignity and comfort. There could be no more commanding spot. From the formal gardens, the shimmering panorama of all Jerusalem lies open to inspection. From the roof, you can see Jericho, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, the Jordan Valley, and the mountains that hide Amman beyond—almost the whole setting of Judaeo-Christian faith nestling among the pale, dusty hilltops. The United Nations people had been caught by surprise. Their papers were still on their desks. The desk calendar of Colonel F. M. Johnson, the deputy chief of staff, had only one notation for June 5th. It was "Movies?" The charts in the operations room listed all the complaints of armistice violations during the previous two months. They ranged from fighter dogfights between Syria and Israel and murders by infiltrators to "theft of oats" and "encroachment by sheep and shepherd." After each item were initials showing whether or not the U.N. had conducted an investigation, which was all it was empowered to do. The U.N. headquarters had been hit several times, though nothing in the building seemed beyond repair. It was unlikely, though, that any amount of repair could restore to serviceability the neat lines of more than a hundred identical cars in the parking lot, all painted white with the large black letters "U.N." on their sides, and all raked and burned and smashed. No United Nations people had been wounded, but both Jordan and Israel had lost men in a day-long battle for the hilltop. Burned-out tanks were still on the road. One unexploded shrapnel shell lay innocently beneath an olive tree in front of the doorway, along with empty mortar casings, broken glass, and the usual debris of war. Across a low parapet, someone had painted in enormous letters, in English, "Israel want peace.")

Word of the success at Government House delighted the crowd at the Knesset on Monday night. But the most excited talk was of the air battle, because it meant that the outcome of the war had already been decided, in the first two hours of the first day. What remained to be settled was the size of the final victory and how long it would take. Nobody bothered to laugh when Radio Cairo came on claiming that Tel Aviv had been wiped out and that the Jews were fleeing helplessly across the desert. "We are drowning the Zionist cowards in our hellfire," the radio said. "Now, Jews, you will see how your cowards die."

"How can they say such horrible things?" Mrs. Dayan wondered aloud. "There are educated people over there. They can be civilized. Do you know the words of the song that Kol Yisroel [the Israeli radio station] just played?" I had recognized the tune. It was "When the Saints Go Marching In." The newly written words, she said, led up to the refrain "when the days of peace arrive." One verse was about going to a football game in Cairo, another was about going skiing on Syria's Mount Hermon, another about sightseeing in Jordan's abandoned rock city of Petra—all "when the days of peace arrive."

After waiting, apparently with some irritation, for Eshkol to appear, Dayan drove back with his wife to Tel Aviv and his desk at military headquarters. Many other busy men waited, using the unexpected free time to rejoice in the good news they were hearing. "*Mazel tov, mazel tov*," a colonel told a general. A British television reporter held his microphone out to Ben-Gurion and asked, "Do you think the government has done a good job?" "Not the government, the Army," Ben-Gurion answered, with a twinkle in his eyes. "This is Army work. Have you ever seen a government fighting?" He laughed at his own question.

The good news spread so fast and so loudly through the corridors that we couldn't even hear the guns. Somebody shouted to Mayor Kollek that it was a glorious day.

"Not for Jerusalem," the Mayor said soberly. "The children are still in the school shelters and the mothers are getting desperate at home. I don't know how I'm going to get them out safely." Kollek chafed at losing so much precious time waiting. "I ought to go and see about the children. They'll have to be taken food. Something will have to be done about garbage. I hear the Hadassah has been hit. I want to inspect it. I'll come back."

Mayor Kollek started to leave, but friends held him back. "Not now, Teddy, not now," one of them said. "You can worry later. There's never been such a day. You have to wait for the ceremony."

By the time Eshkol appeared, it was nine-thirty and the effervescence had subsided. Word was coming in about tank battles below Gaza and around Jerusalem. The Israeli Army's progress was spectacular, but most of the people there had sons and daughters somewhere at the front, and the sense of brutality and death was real now. Finally, we all filed into the parliament chamber. It is windowless, and the lights were on full. For all the drama of the occasion, Eshkol's speech was monotonous, and the vote of approval for the new appointments and the government's policy on the war was perfunctory. The six Arab deputies were there and voted with the majority. The only moment in which strong emotion was displayed came when the teller asked for nay votes. The three Communist deputies signalled opposition, and one called out, "We demand peace!" The rumble that broke out across the room sounded

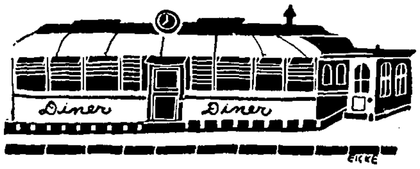
more like disgust than anger. Nobody spoke to the Communists as we all picked our way back to the war through the dark.

Some people had blued the headlights of their cars to let a wan beam through. Most drove without lights. There was a luxurious infinity of stars that gave a distant serenity to the sky. It would have been much worse to have the blackness pressing all the way down. The moon had not yet risen. (It came late, perhaps an hour before dawn—a precise, delicate crescent of Islam with a star between its horns.) The firing kept up all night, but it seemed a privilege to be out in the air, not huddled under concrete.

When I got back to the hotel, I found two bullet holes in the window of my room when I opened the curtains, and I could see that the roof of the Church of the Dormition on Mount Zion was brilliantly ablaze. It was there, according to tradition, that the Virgin Mary fell asleep and was carried to Heaven while she slumbered. Except for tracer bullets flashing across the sky, there was nothing more of the battle to be watched. There was plenty of sound, though, and it had a regularity reliable enough to permit sleep. I didn't know why I woke at five until I realized there had been silence for a minute or so. Then it all resumed. Idiotically reassured by what had become customary, the way you relax when the train goes on after a brief halt in the night, I dozed off again.

THROUGHOUT the night, we learned later, major battles were being fought at the edges of the southern desert. The Gaza Strip had been cut off, and the northernmost Israeli column had split, in order to begin encirclement of Egypt's 7th Division. To the Israeli staff's surprise, the Egyptians had diluted their tremendous force along the Sinai coastal road and the parallel inland road on the Beersheba-Ismailia line. They were moving south. The Israelis could not know whether this was the start of an Egyptian effort to drive across the southern half of Israel, possibly to link up with Jordanian forces and cut off Elath, or whether the Egyptians, believing that the Israeli main thrust would come down the coast of the Gulf of Aqaba to the Strait of Tiran and the strongpoint at Sharm-el-Sheik, were moving to block that virtually impassable route. In any case, the reason mattered less than the opportunity the Egyptian maneuvers offered.

Flexibility based on thorough planning is one of the main elements of the Israeli Army's strength. It was born of necessity. The Jewish fighters in Palestine and, since they built their state, in Israel have always been outnumbered in both men and equipment. Ben-Gurion had long before developed the concept of flexible response as the principle for protection of the early, isolated settlements. The defense forces, in those days called Hashomer, were part-time farmers and part-time soldiers. Strict economy of weapons, quick reaction and change of plan, the best possible communications and intelligence, and, above all, the use of imaginative variations on the military norm were the rules worked out to reverse the odds. Those ground rules were not changed in the nineteen-thirties, when Hashomer gave way to the Jewish underground army, Ha-



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He's a connoisseur of broken glass.

Sucked candy bits as hard as lava,
The shards are no longer sharp and come
In every shape and every color—
The commonest are white and brown;
Harder to find are blue and green;
Amber is rare; yellow rarer;
And red the rarest of all. The sea

Is a glassblower who blasts to bits
Coca-Cola and Waterford,
Venetian as well as Baccarat,
And has carefully combed its five-and-ten
For anything made of glass. It isn't
Fussy. It knows that everything
Will be pared down in the end:
Milk of magnesia bottles honed
To sky-blue icy filaments,
And smoky cordial bottles from
Brazil—sunglasses of an eclipse.

Mr. Calava's kaleidoscopes
Are kept in apothecary jars,
As if the sea were a pharmacy
Of lozenges and doled them out
Without a prescription, especially
For Mr. Calava, who firmly believes
The best things in life are free.

But what the sea has relinquished it
Has relinquished only in part. You know
How childish it is in its irony.
The jigsaw puzzle is here. But then
Its missing pieces are still in the sea.
Not all the king's horses and all the king's men
Could ever put it together again,
Though—chip by chip,
And bit by bit—

Rouault could make a King of it.

—Howard Moss

• •

ganah, nor have they now been changed. General Yesheyahu Gavish, who commanded the entire battle against Egypt, put it simply: "All our planning has to be for a brief war—quick attack, quick advance, quick victory, and home again to work." Government officials estimate that it cost Israel fifteen to twenty million dollars a day in lost crops and production to maintain its partial mobilization in the three weeks of tension before the war. Three months of that would have ruined the state.

Brigadier General Ariel Sharon, a towering man with a soft face and a great soft middle bulging over the top of his camouflage trousers, commanded the Israeli division ordered to break through Abu Ageila on the Beersheba-Ismailia line. He met well-entrenched and superior forces, and when it was over he gave an explanation of his success in the form of a recollection of the action he had seen in an earlier campaign: "I would say the Egyptian is a good soldier, a disciplined soldier, but I think the commanders are very poor. I would not trust them. We do not think they have any fighting spirit. They are very good where everything is very simple, they are well organized, and they are very good at shooting. I must tell you a story about something that happened twelve years ago. We attacked an Egyptian battalion in the same area, at Sabha, near Nitzana, and managed in a few minutes to destroy the position. Then a few weeks later we attacked the Syrians, and we put the prisoners together, the officers separate. The Syrians asked the Egyptians how it could have happened that a battalion in a fortified defensive position, mined and equipped with heavy artillery, was defeated in a few minutes. The Egyptians answered, 'Those Jews just won't attack in proper order.' "

Attack itself, preëmpting the choice of time and place, is, the Israelis believe, an indispensable part of their country's defense strategy. Israel has no fallback lines, no reserves in either geography or manpower. The whole country is the front, and all that lies behind it is the sea. As the Israelis see it, if they did not fight beyond their borders, they would have little left to fight for. In the same way, the forces must all be used at once. The regular Army numbers some forty thousand. Even Jordan, the least populous and, since 1948, the least aggressive of Israel's neighbors—apart from Lebanon—had an army of fifty-five thousand. Egypt had put more than a hundred thousand men in the Sinai Desert and still had armies left to guard its Nile heartland.

I asked Major General Itzhak Rabin, the Chief of Staff, how he accounted for the vastly superior gunnery and technical expertise that enabled his tank crews of schoolteachers, businessmen, bus drivers, and waiters to pick off Egypt's professionals. (Of course, air supremacy made a crucial difference, but ninety per cent of the approximately six hundred Egyptian tanks destroyed were taken out by Israeli tanks. On the second day of the war, one Israeli tank battalion finished off a brigade of a hundred and sixty-seven Egyptian tanks by what the generals call "sniping"—one shot at a time.) General Rabin said the answer was training, although most of the Israeli tankmen are civilians eleven months of the year. Then he added, "And it has something to do with the people, too."

Israel mobilized requires almost every able body, either under arms or to operate the most urgently essential services. Even children helped in the period of partial mobilization by replacing postmen and delivering milk. Of course, some exceptions have to be made in a population of two million seven hundred thousand. The quarter of a million Arabs inside Israel's borders before the war were not called to serve. Neither were members of Jerusalem's ultra-orthodox Naturei Karta sect, who preach that all violent resistance is a sin, even though they do not hesitate to stone those who violate the Sabbath by driving cars, or their codes of modesty by wearing sleeveless dresses and short skirts, or their view of chastity by permitting boys and girls to swim together. Obviously, they would be no boon to the armed forces. In many parts of the country, local rabbis of just as orthodox persuasion endorsed the government's call to defend the state, and men went off to war, but the extremists of Jerusalem would have no part in it. Some of them refuse even to recognize the State of Israel—to use its postage stamps or to pay its taxes—because

"The next junior citizen who calls me a senior citizen is going to get a bust in the mouth!"

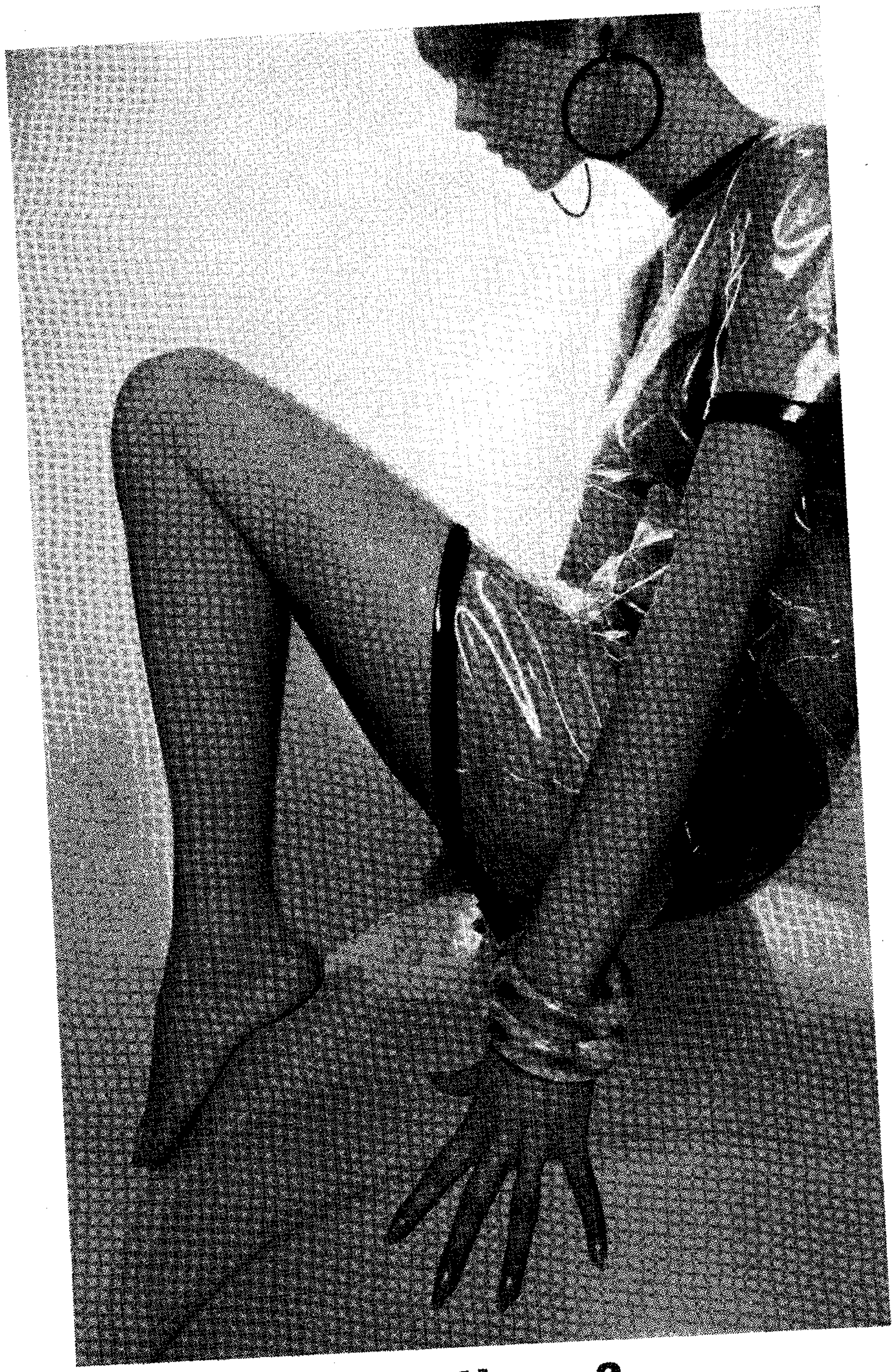
• •

they hold to the Biblical text that prophesies restoration of the Jewish nation in its ancient home by the Messiah. Since there has been no Messiah, they insist there can be no legal state. (When the Old City of Jerusalem was taken, the troops had to pass through the orthodox quarter of Mea Shearim, many of them driving captured Jordanian tanks and trucks. The people massed at the Mandelbaum Gate—the only crossing point between the two sides of Jerusalem before the war—and lined the streets to cheer. For once, the Hasidim, in the fur hats and black caftans they have copied from fourteenth-century Polish aristocrats, allowed others to mingle with them and did not cover their faces at the sight of a camera to prevent violation of the Biblical injunction against images. Their young boys, in knickers and black stockings, jumped and shouted with excitement as the victorious warriors passed. The older men watched with evidently torn feelings. They really did not approve, and their demeanor showed it. Nevertheless, for the first time in nineteen years, they would be able to make pilgrimages to the Jewish Holy Places—above all to the Wailing Wall. With mournfully ecstatic faces, even they seemed to be celebrating the fruits of the violence they condemn.)

Once the fight began, there was no pause. In the south, the Israeli columns fought for seventy-two hours without a break, day and night. When a replacement unit was needed at the vicious battle of Mitla Pass, deep in the desert, General Avram Yaffe moved one into line without a halt in firing. "It was difficult to make the maneuver without our own tanks shooting at each other," he said later, with a diffident smile to cover what seemed to be embarrassment at sounding boastful. "But we took care and we did it without a mishap." General Yaffe, a very tall and broad man who happily describes himself as more bear than man, heads Israel's Nature Conservation Board when he is not called upon to head a tank division. He knows the desert as an Englishman knows his garden. During prewar mobilization, he stopped more than once to climb out of a tank and collect a few dry seeds, which he placed tenderly in matchboxes. "This plant doesn't exist anywhere else in Israel," he remarked with delight on one occasion, according to a colleague. "It must be sturdy to live here in the desert." He has organized effective campaigns to save two species of gazelle that were on the verge of extinction in the Middle East. His great dream is to acquire eight or ten oryx—a magnificent Arabian Desert deer, very few of which are left—and turn them out to breed in a Sinai nature preserve.

"If you worry so much about seeming dated, then why in God's name do you keep saying 'Goombye'?"

ON Tuesday morning, the second day of the war, Mayor Kollek took me on his rounds of the city. The first stop was Shaarei Tzedek Hospital, which was closest to the front and therefore used for emergency cases. All the regular patients who could be moved were being transferred or, if possible, sent home to make room for new casualties. A woman with a newborn infant was getting into a car when we arrived. A shell had landed inside the maternity ward during the night but had not exploded. Another had hit the roof and destroyed the water system. Inside the hospital, everything seemed to be in confusion. The people and the place looked grubby, disorderly. But the important things were being done. I was wearing a sleeveless dress that day, and before I had a chance to ask how many casualties there had been, a bearded doctor in a skullcap glared at me and whispered to the



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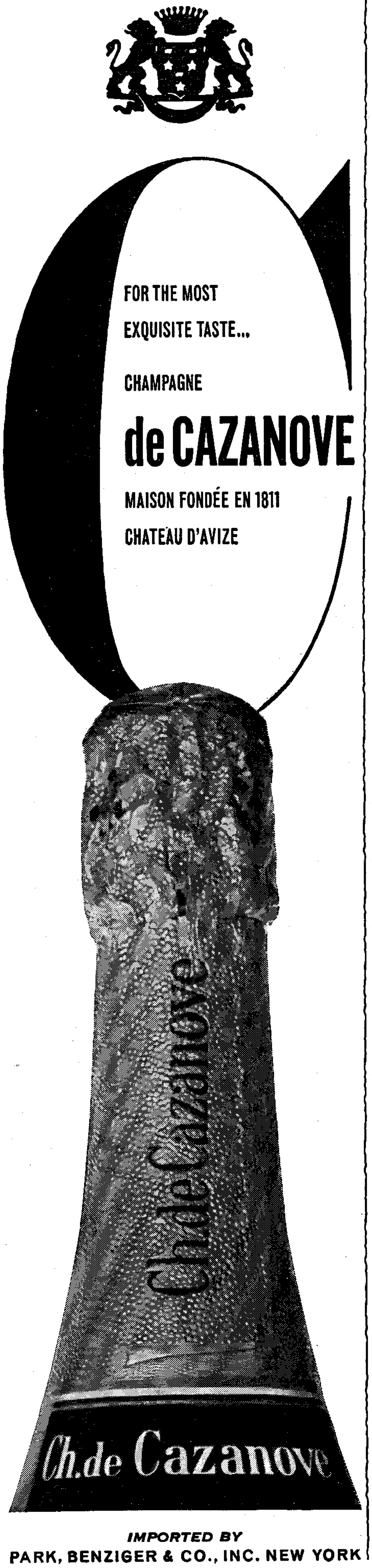

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Mayor, who told me, "You'd better go outside. This is an orthodox hospital. They don't mind coping with the war, but they can't bear a woman without sleeves."

After that, we went to a low-income housing project, so new that not all the apartments had been occupied. It was ten yards from the border. A shell crater in front of it was twelve feet across, and the explosion had blasted out a whole line of windows, frames and all. Mayor Kollek stepped into each of the basement shelters for a moment to ask how things were going. The answer was usually "*Beseder*"—literally, "In order." (During those days, I noticed, this became a slogan of stoic cheer, the equivalent of thumbs up.)

One young man complained to the Mayor about the damage his apartment had suffered, which was extensive.

"It will be repaired," Kollek said.

"But all the new things saved up for—they're completely ruined!"

"So now you have a war story. What would you tell your sons if the fighting came and went and nothing happened to you?"

Kollek spoke quickly to nearly everyone he passed—a few words of comfort for some and of chipper sarcasm for others. A small group of exhausted soldiers, stretched out on the ground for a rest, told him they had taken prisoners. That was our first confirmation that there had been further advances in the Israeli drive to encircle Jerusalem, so as to silence the Jordanian artillery. As we left the cluster of buildings, people inched out of the shelters and cheered their Mayor. As we drove off, he said, "Garbage collection is terrible today. I wouldn't vote for a mayor who allowed these conditions."

Phascolomys latifrons.
Chs Pinxt

At the Red Mogen David headquarters, which was collecting blood for all the military as well as civilian hospitals, the first impression was the same pseudo-bedlam as at Shaarei Tzedek. And it was just as misleading. Everything was so well organized that when one particular blood type was running low, volunteer drivers were sent to fetch the right donors. There was never a need to issue a radio appeal for blood. Donors had to be told, "Don't come to us. We'll come when we need you." Mrs. Dayan had called the civilians' attitude "a mass hysteria of volunteerism." It was true. People made every contribution they could think of. One couple put a notice in the Jerusalem *Post* (which never stopped publishing and carried full, newsy accounts from both Israel and foreign capitals) announcing their decision to cancel proceedings for divorce in "the new spirit of national unity."

Before sunset on Tuesday, Israeli forces had taken that part of the Mount of Olives where the new Intercontinental Hotel stands; broken into the Sheik Jarrah quarter, just outside the walls, where the American Consulate, the Jordanian Y.M.C.A., and some of the older hotels are to be found; and relieved a besieged garrison on Mount Scopus. After the 1948 war, Israel had been allowed to keep the enclave of the old Hadassah Hospital and the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, but the area was completely cut off from the rest of Jewish territory. Every second Wednesday, a convoy under United Nations escort had been allowed to resupply the post and rotate the men.

"It was only on Sunday that I was worrying about tomorrow's convoy," Kollek said Tuesday evening. "Would it be allowed through, or would there be a blockade, like at the Strait of Tiran? Would the U.N. do anything if the Jordanians turned it back? And now I've got a new worry. We don't know whom to ask for permission to go to Mount Scopus anymore. I went up this afternoon with Dayan, and everybody on the road just waved us on."

The Israeli forces had won control of the heights on three sides of the city. The strategy was obvious: to cut the Jordanians' communication line leading back to the Dead Sea, the Jordan River, and Amman, and to complete the encirclement of Jerusalem. It was not original. In precisely that way, by the same progression of moves, the Romans had conquered Jerusalem two millennia before. King Hussein understood ancient history as well as the Israelis. Word was sent to him asking for the surrender of the Old City to spare it and its Holy Places from a devastating battle. The request was reinforced by the Israelis' conquest of Latrun, dominating the old road from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv. That removed any possibility of Jordan's cutting the narrow corridor linking Jewish Jerusalem to the coast. And the Israelis had also taken Ramallah—an even more ominous develop-

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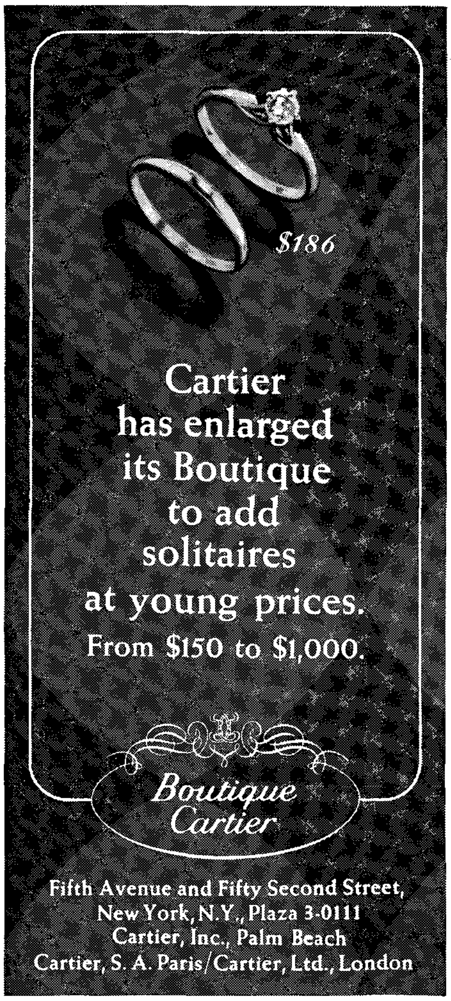
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ment for Hussein, since it opened half his territory west of the Jordan to Israeli advances.

But Hussein could not still his guns, and it was certain before night fell on Tuesday that there was going to be a great battle for Jerusalem. It started immediately. The first phase, from the Israeli point of view, was to put out of commission all the Jordanian artillery on the remaining unconquered hilltops and the long-range artillery on the other side of the slopes plunging down to the Dead Sea, thirteen hundred feet below sea level. Those empty, inhospitable mountains had been almost paved with tanks, emplacements, and encampments. I had seen them the day before the war started while driving from Amman to Jerusalem, and despite the yellow canvas that serves as camouflage on that terrain, they must have been quite visible from the air, which Israel now controlled.

LATE that evening, I ran into Arthur Veysey, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who had just arrived from Jordanian territory. He had staked out what might have been the royal box for the night battle, and he invited me to see some of the sights from it. It was a large balcony, complete with lounge chairs, on the fourth floor of the King David, facing the Old City wall. Reuven Gat, the barman, had waited up after the cook had gone, and he provided a bottle of well-chilled *rosé* and a stack of matzoth—all he could find—for me to take upstairs. On that we dined as we watched the spectacle that was being played out all around us.

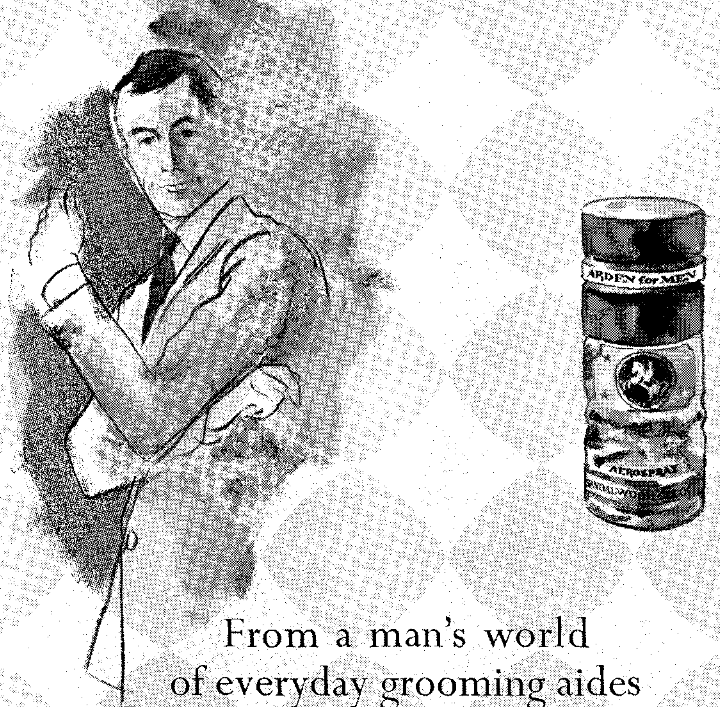
The sense of theatre was inescapable. We knew that men were dying of real wounds, that children were hunched underground in real terror, that the earth was being heaped with the garbage of war. But all that we could actually see was a scene of incomparable drama, and even beauty. At the far right of our panorama, a whole hillside flickered in flame. The crops of Ramat Rachel, an Israeli settlement on a finger of Jewish Jerusalem surrounded by Jordan, had been set afire by shells. At center left, the tower of the Victoria Augusta Hospital was burning like a Yule log atop the Mount of Olives. There were tracers, and an occasional flash and boom, but when a non-explosive noise broke in it was always something thoroughly bucolic—a lone cock or, for a moment, a donkey. Then, suddenly, the darkness was driven back. The Israelis had mounted a giant searchlight on one of their tall buildings. Its beam flooded the entire horizon in a milky glow. Above, on a line drawn as sharply as the line of a proscenium, was black velvet sky speckled with tinsel stars—perhaps a bit too bright and too profuse for a perfectly tasteful setting. The outlines, the shadows, the mutely luminescent colors of the landscape beneath were exactly right. The Garden of Gethsemane, the village of Bethany, the towers and spires and domes and minarets that represent in stone the origin of universal faiths stood out in detail, seemingly eternal beside the cypress groves. The buzz and the racing wing lights of a pair of fighters arched overhead toward the horizon and disappeared. A minute later, two or three great orange flares dawdled down against the backdrop. The searchlight snapped off when they disappeared. It was as though the curtain had come down. But we waited, and there was more to the spectacle. First came the sound of shells being fired from big guns behind us. One—two—three—four. We counted the seconds until the explosive flashes rose behind the hills, and counted again, this time to six, for the thunder to return. It happened over and over again in that Biblical panorama, with its undelivered message of peace. Gradually, through the night, the firing toward us from the other side diminished. The rifles and machine guns never stopped altogether, but they seemed irrelevant to the spectacle. We never even thought to duck behind the balcony wall, though we took care to show no light.

The ground attack was pressed at dawn. All the hills were taken. Pushing down from just beneath the Garden of Gethsemane, the Israelis broke through the Old City wall at St. Stephen's Gate, called the Lions' Gate by the Israelis. They used tanks and mortars in support, but mainly the job had to be done by the infantry. The stones ahead were sacred to three religions. Normally, the Israeli Army is extremely stingy with the lives of its men and spendthrift with covering fire. This time, men were offered in order to spare the buildings. Nearly a third of Israel's battle dead, in a war that included a single engagement of a thousand tanks, were lost at the entrances to Jerusalem.

A few minutes after eleven on Wednesday morning, I saw a white flag flutter above the Old City wall where it makes a right-angle turn on Mount Zion. The heavy guns spoke rarely now, but the small-arms fire kept up in all directions. It was then, I learned later, that the first Israelis reached the Wailing Wall, which had belonged to Jordan since the Arab Legion took the Old City in 1948. I was told that it was a colonel who first broke through the narrow gate off Mount Temple, ran down the two flights of steep stone stairs, and threw himself at the foot of the Wall in tears. A corporal following him was shot to death by a sniper as he leaped down the last steps. The sun had dried his spilled blood into dark blotches by the time I got there.

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, June 7th, I entered the Old City through the Jaffa Gate, open by then, and walked up the Via Dolorosa. All the houses were tightly shuttered. One thin and faded Jordanian woman, dressed in dust-caked black but equipped with a child's undershirt tied to a long stick as her sign of peaceful intent, came boldly up to speak to all newcomers. She was looking for her baby, she said. Had anyone seen it? She hurried off, knowing the answer before it could be translated.

There were mounds of dirt, spoiled food, scraps of burned clothing, lumps of mattress stuffing, and jumbles of wire and stone scattered in the narrow streets. The city was without water, electricity, or sanitation of any kind, and it seemed at that point to be almost without Arabs. But there was no significant destruction. Stooping to pass through a small wooden doorway, I suddenly emerged onto the expanse of Temple Mount. That was where Solomon's Temple had stood—destroyed in 586 B.C.—when the Jews were taken into Babylonian captivity. And on the same site the temple had been rebuilt and enlarged by Herod in 10 B.C. with such care for adornment that the Talmudic sages wrote of it, "Whoever has not seen [Herod's] rebuilt temple has never seen a beautiful edifice." The Romans destroyed it in 70 A.D., evicting the Jews from their lands and dispersing them to wander the reaches of the world. But the western wall remained. The story is that Herod, like Solomon before him, had assigned various segments of the construction to various parts of the community. Both times, the lot of building the western wall had fallen to the poor. And when the Romans had levelled everything else and sought to destroy that last wall, angels came and spread their wings above it, saying, "This wall built by the toil of the poor shall remain." A Roman general who



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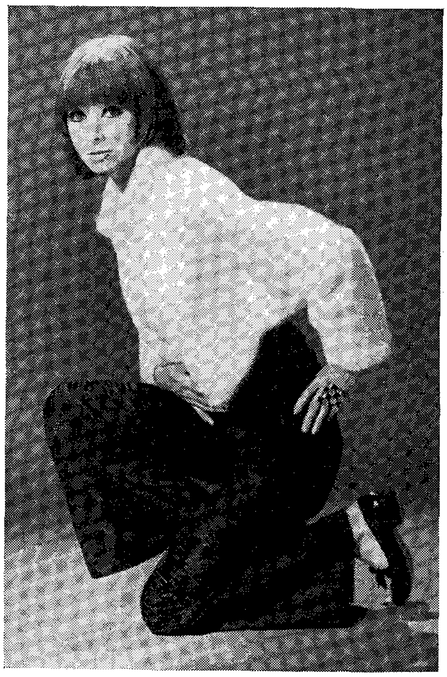

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tried to tear it down fell dead on the spot. Titus himself came and lifted a sledgehammer to strike it, and his right hand withered. Then six angels came and seated themselves atop the wall and wept. Their tears seeped into the wall, mingled with the stones, and hardened into cement that binds the wall forever. The prophecy promises that the rest of the walls will be reconstructed and a third temple erected on the sacred mount when the Messiah comes. Meanwhile, the Dome of the Rock has been built on the great square, marking the rock where Mohammed mounted to Heaven on the back of his white steed, Buraq. It is the third Holy Place of Islam, after Mecca and Medina. The mosque's great dome is covered with gold, and its walls with blazing blue and yellow tiles in intricate arabesque design. There was no damage to the mosque, although the main door of the silver-domed mosque of El Aksa, behind it, had been blown away in an Israeli attempt to silence a sniper firing from a minaret. It was nearby in front of the Mosque of Omar that King Abdullah of Jordan, Hussein's grandfather, was assassinated as he entered to pray in 1951. Palestinians suspected him of negotiating secretly for peace with Israel, and they were right. The square has many names and many meanings, so long has it figured in the stories of human worship. It is said that the rock beneath the dome of the golden mosque is the one on which Abraham proposed to sacrifice his son Isaac. The place the Jews call Temple Mount is known as Haram al-Sharif to Muslims, and Christians call it Mount Moriah.

In the few hours before Israeli soldiers had been ordered to seal off all Holy Places to insure their safety, I met one Jew who, entering the Old City for the first time, had just visited the Wailing Wall. Though he was not pious, he was moved to perform the old custom of writing the name of his son on a slip of paper to push between the crevices of the ancient stones, because, he told me, "It was what my father wished to do for me, and my grandfather for him, and all the generations of my ancestors for two thousand years, and *I* am the one who has come." At the door of the Dome of the Rock, he took off his shoes, saying, "This, too, is a Holy Place, to be respected in its own way."

Israel's President, Zalman Shazar, its founder, David Ben-Gurion, its Prime Minister, Levi Eshkol, and its Minister of Defense, Moshe Dayan, all made trips to the Wall. Then the chief rabbinate of Israel met and studied the old texts and proclaimed that no Jew should set foot on Temple Mount until the Messiah arrived to begin the promised building. No one was much troubled by the proclamation. An exaltation swept Israel at the thought that the Wall belonged to Jews once more. As Ben-Gurion reached the Wall, he said, "It is the second-greatest day of my life." The first, he added, was the day his foot touched the soil of Zion in 1906; he ignored the day in 1948 when he proclaimed the rebirth of the Jewish state. Dayan said that Israel would never give up the Wall again. A lesser government official, who could not resist sneaking away from his work for an hour on such a day, said sheepishly, on the way back, "I was so overwhelmed I didn't know what to pray. So I prayed that the Wall would remain with us forever and we could come back again and again to give the right prayers quietly."

The Army had strictly forbidden anyone without special authorization to cross from Jewish Jerusalem. Otherwise, all of Israel would have tried to crush into the stricken Old City on the day the Wall was taken. As it was, thousands straggled through, though intermittent sniping continued and some people stepped on mines in an attempt to scamper across unguarded points in no man's land. The result of all these dangerous pilgrimages was an extraordinary collection of the children of Israel before the Wall—husky, sun-tanned blondes in torn khakis; dark-skinned, smooth-cheeked young men who spoke Spanish; dignitaries with puffy pink faces; a girl with flowing red hair in an elegant beige pants suit; soldiers who were orthodox, but not to the extreme, their shoulder-length side curls hanging incongruously below Army helmets that were tilted back to leave room to strap a phylactery on their foreheads; and General Shlomo Goren, Chief Rabbi of the Army, carrying a small blue-sheathed Torah that he had taken into battle in 1948, 1956, and again in 1967. Though Israel is by proclamation a Jewish state, the bulk of its people are not customarily pious. Many are openly irritated at the theocratic rules imposed because the country has always had to have coalition governments that give the religious parties extra leverage. But the most determinedly agnostic and the most

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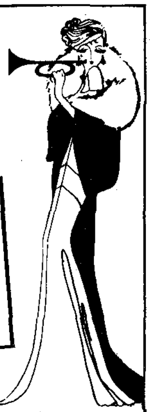

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devout stood with visibly equal joy before the Wailing Wall.

THE conquest of the Wailing Wall had not been an Israeli war aim. There were only two goals for the Israeli Army at the beginning: to destroy the Egyptian Army massed against the Sinai border and to reopen the Strait of Tiran, and thus Israel's access to the trade routes of the East. As soon as the fighting began, however, a third goal was added: to silence the Jordanian and Syrian guns shooting into Israel. The momentum of success carried the Israelis much farther. They saw and took the opportunity to seize the territory from which the threats had come, and then moved on, to establish territorial bargaining positions. The military leaders were compelled to take political considerations into account throughout the war. The first Israeli troops to reach the Suez Canal, for example, were ordered to pull back some fifteen miles. General Yaffe was informed of the advance by the local commander, who sent a message asking permission to wash his feet. At first, Yaffe fumed at what seemed an imbecilic request; then, understanding, he fretted at the refusal he was obliged to send. Defense Minister Dayan had taken the stand that the Canal was a great international concern, and if Israeli forces were on one bank the worried powers would put as much pressure on Israel as on Egypt to keep it open. It was not until the day after the Egyptians had closed the Canal that Dayan allowed his troops to proceed to the water's edge. The campaign in Syria was even more affected by world politics. The Army would have liked to push on to Damascus, and could easily have done so—it was only thirty-five miles away, on an open road and with air supremacy. The drive would almost certainly have brought the downfall of the pro-Soviet Syrian regime. That was when Moscow, followed by Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia, broke relations with Israel and threatened unspecified sanctions. Diplomatic prudence outweighed military zeal at that point, and Israel eagerly arranged for United Nations' observation along the cease-fire line.

Even before the war was over, Israeli leaders were speaking of the diplomatic struggle ahead with much more uneasiness than they had shown about the military prospects before the fighting started. The postwar goal was peace treaties. While sniper shots could still be heard, one official told me, "If we can get negotiations, everything can be negotiated. Absolutely everything." He paused to think for a moment. "Except the Old City," he said. "You can see how the people feel. Now that the Wailing Wall is under Jewish sovereignty again, I can't imagine how any government could give it up and survive."

Jordanian Jerusalem outside the old walls has far less emotional significance. It had not been spared the full force of battle. There, the day the city fell, the scene was the familiar epilogue of war. The streets were littered with glass and rubble. Cars, smashed crazily, stood where they had been hit. Bodies lay in improbable places, and in foolish positions. A husky man sprawled face down on the steps of the post office. His rigid hand still held the telegram he had been going to send when he was killed.

THE battle for Jerusalem was over on Wednesday, and at 1 A.M. on Thursday the Israelis completed the Sinai war. Egypt accepted a cease-fire Thursday afternoon. Twenty-four hours later, I was driving down the road to Jericho, well into what had been Jordanian territory a few days before. An Israeli soldier who made the trip with me spoke Arabic as well as English, and we tuned in to Radio Cairo. The broadcast urged all who heard to go on fighting. It said that Egypt had conquered all of the Sinai and that Syria had captured Tiberias, on Lake Galilee. There was no need to fear reprisals for continued shooting at Israelis, because "the United Nations is going to make them go away." The message was self-contradictory, but that made no difference, because it was all nonsense. There were still some die-hard snipers, but no real resistance and a great many white flags.

Jericho, the world's oldest inhabited city, looked uninhabited on Friday. The people had shut themselves indoors. I wandered through streets shaded by wide-topped flame trees. The oasis was surprisingly cool after the blistering heat of the road. The people who trudged along the main road—barefoot, the women's heads piled with mattresses and bundles, the men carrying the babies—were too frightened to talk, and I couldn't determine whether they were leaving their homes to swell the refugee camps across the Jordan River or returning to the villages they had abandoned during the battle. There were probably some of each.

I took a drive out to Bethlehem,

just a few miles south of Jerusalem, and I found the atmosphere there very different. Three-quarters of Bethlehem's population is Christian. Education and exposure to visitors from every part of the world have given its people self-confidence. I picked up two young men who were hitchhiking, and they told me they were natives of Bethlehem who had been caught by the war in their offices in Jerusalem and were now going home to reassure their families. They said they were indifferent to the fact that they were now living in Israel. "There's no choice," said one. The other said, "Our office will probably reopen. It's an international company. It has a branch in Tel Aviv. It may all work out very well." They seemed to speak with increasing satisfaction about the turn of events. I don't know whether they thought their remarks would please me or whether they were trying to cheer themselves up. The important thing for them was the reunion with their families—another scene of great joy into which I was swept along. The boys' sisters brought out Pepsi-Cola, then Jordan almonds, and then Turkish coffee. The mother of one of the hitchhikers, a handsome woman who spoke only Arabic, beamed constantly at me. But then her smile faded. Her son said she wanted to know if Amman was destroyed. And what about Aqaba? I told her they were not. She was reassured for a moment, but then her eyes filled with tears. She had two other sons, one working in Amman and one in Aqaba. It had just occurred to her that now they were on the other side of the border. She was afraid that they might never come home again.

That was the sort of thing the war did to Bethlehem. There had been shelling, but no serious damage. One hit had set fire to the roof of the Church of the Nativity. The fire had been extinguished by a sixty-year-old bishop who scrambled up with a pail of water. Fragile Christmas balls hanging from the chandeliers on the ornate Greek Orthodox side of the church remained intact. There was no light when I visited the church, so I took a taper to descend to the Grotto of the Manger. It was dim, and quiet, and empty.

THE war ended Saturday night in Galilee and on the Syrian front. From the Mount of Beatitudes, a plateau on a low slope north of the Sea of Galilee, you can look across to the mountain ridges where the most ferocious combat took place. Most of the

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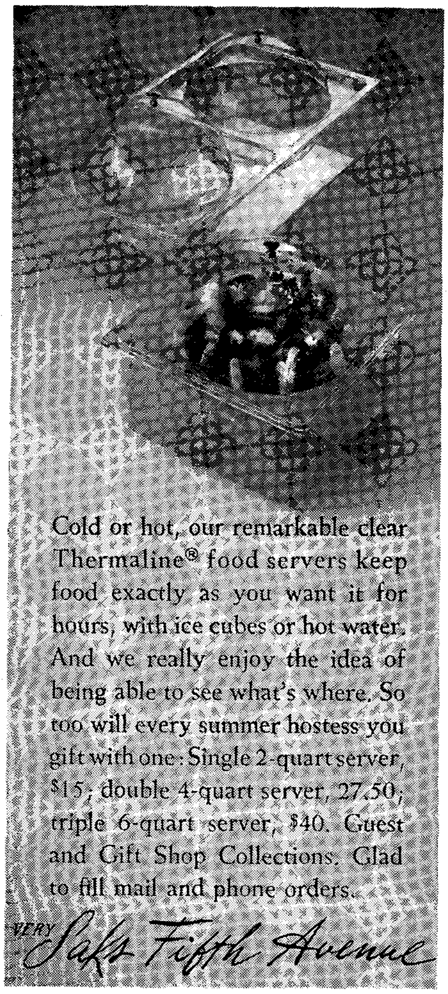

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Syrian emplacements were constructed of the rocks and soil of those hills, making for a perfect camouflage, and the new ruins I saw there were almost indistinguishable from the ancient ones. There are remains of British police posts, Turkish forts, Crusaders' towers, and Roman strongholds, and there are memories of conquests stretching much further back toward the origins of civilized life. The surface of the sea was tranquil, glazed a dull silver by the sun. All around it were the landmarks of ancient and modern human violence.

Near a post where there had been an artillery emplacement, I found a notebook and some letters scattered on the ground beside a burned tank, among boots, shreds of clothing, and half-eaten rations. I could not tell whether the men to whom these things had belonged had fled or were lying underground nearby; the advancing Israelis buried most of the dead very quickly—the enemy's as well as their own—to avoid epidemic diseases.

Inside the cover of the notebook, a soldier had written the names and Army post numbers of half a dozen friends. On the single sheet left in it, he had jotted—if the graceful curves of Arabic are susceptible to jotting—some notes that were apparently intended for an essay. I had a friend translate them for me, and they read:

My Life

1. The world is a playground.
2. I will not feel happy until after the fight.
3. We want to be free, not slaves.
4. Fear and fear make stronger fighting.
5. We meet events as they come.
6. I wouldn't fight if I was afraid.
7. To make a distinction between truth and falsehood.

The date set down was February 2, 1967. The letters were much older, going back to August, 1964. The shortest letter, which was undated, read:

From conscripted soldier Rashed Ghayal 3373 A.P. 886.

To conscripted soldier Midhat Khadir 3217 A.P. 893.

All the Arabs are united.

Free and united and together.

To dear brother and good friend. I hope you are in the best of health. Amen. My brother Midhat, my first question is of you and your health and I ask God to treat you well. Amen. We, too, are all right. Amen. I miss your shining face. First my regards and a thousand regards. Regards to my brother Ali Rahbi if he is near to you. Best regards to any who ask about me.

And Peace.

The letter was not signed. The longer letters—one from a father to his son written by a professional scribe, others from sons to fathers—differed only in listing very many more names to whom "a thousand regards" should be sent or from whom they should be received. There were no descriptions of life, no personal comment, but there emerged both piety and an intense feeling for family and friendship. And many of them ended, as that short one did, with a formal wish that the recipient should enjoy the blessings of peace. The envelopes had been dropped on the sixth day of the war, along with the bullets, shells, and bombs that rained on the ground. On the seventh day, there was no more fighting. But neither was there peace.

—Flora Lewis

• •

NETHERLANDS' BIRDSCAPE

Warm as leaves in the magpied fields
rise the tan haystacks under the sun—
    nature with an air of the kitchen.

A stack of gulls drops in from the sea
that clips the modest living room. Pigeons
    peck pavement in the one big city.

Far from the homely wound-up ducks
hungrily waddling from nursery to pantry,
    the heron sticks to a ditch.

Will he pick up his stilts and be off,
when the last unschooled flash is billed,
    to a fresh lack of a home?

While no other notes have broken their bars,
swallows are privately slipping from wires
    stuffed with doubled Dutch voices.

—Jon Swan

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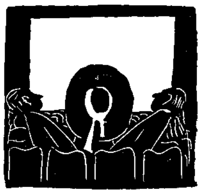
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Czech Wave in New York

IF art is what one cannot be rid of, Czech filmmakers are finding their way to it. The Lincoln Center's festival season of new Czech cinema at the Museum of Modern Art is amazing and unforgettable; the knife is often on the bone. A group of serious and gifted people are suddenly expressing themselves through film as naturally as, say, the writers of the Spanish Civil War did through poetry. The phenomenon is moving and significant. It possesses as much energy as the Polish cinema's after Gomulka's 1956, and perhaps it will be fortunate enough to have more staying power. In some of the films, there is a technical vivacity equal to the French New Wave's, though their content strikes me as a great deal more organic to the state of their country. The intimacy of purpose among the members of the group seems as powerful as Bloomsbury's was, but there is nothing cliquish about it. And there is an air of having scarcely begun.

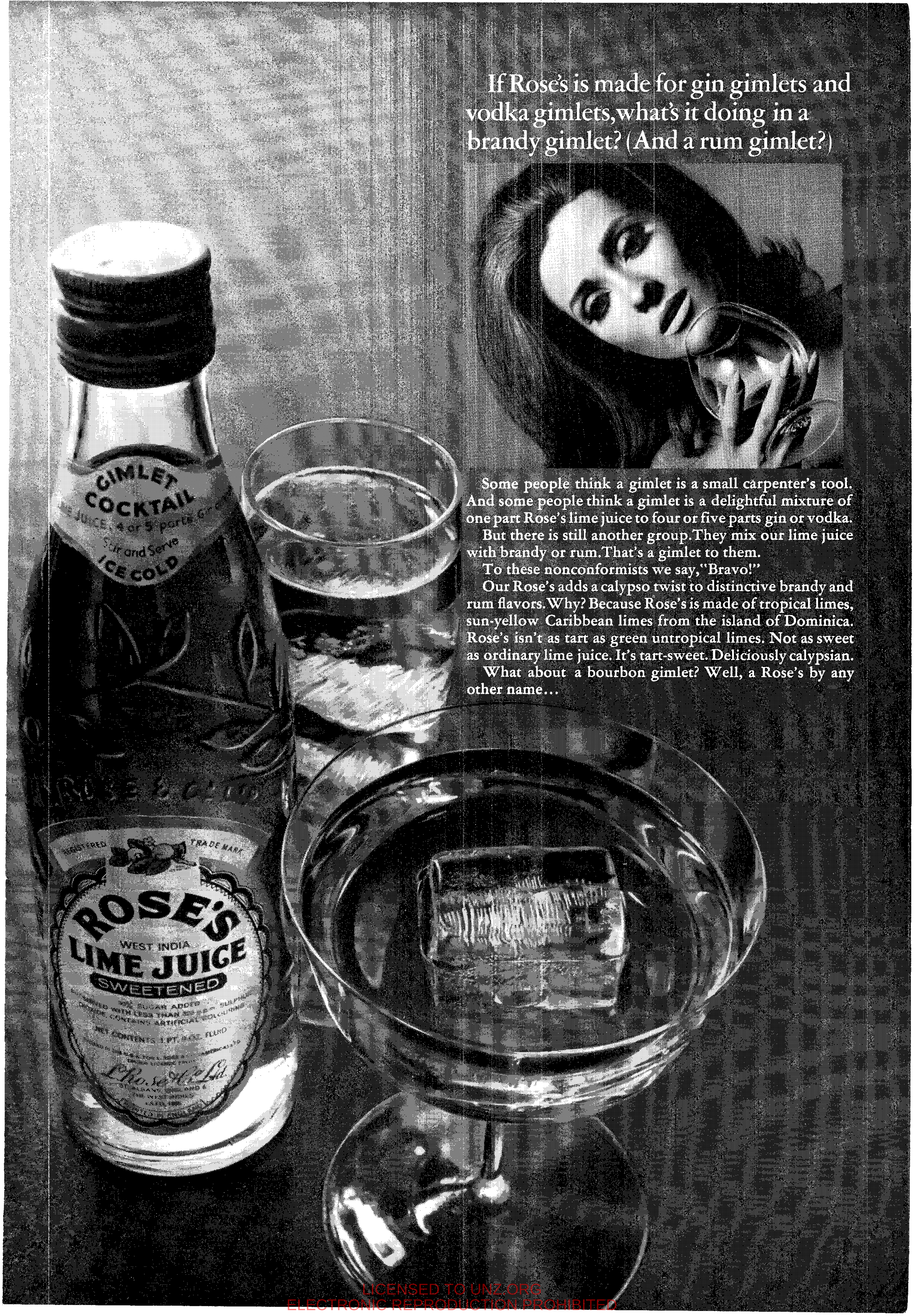


The season at the Museum of Modern Art is having a second run-through from June 29th to July 11th. Probably the films are most rewarding if you see several, for they have a cohesion. At their best, they use the cinema at full stretch, conveying the simultaneous experiences of private and outward life as film uniquely can. This isn't the familiar Western use of movies to manufacture other people's fantasies, or the equally familiar Iron Curtain use of them to beat audiences over the head with object lessons, but an attempt to shoot into the filmmaker's own dark places of poetry and violence and nostalgia for play. Czech directors and screenwriters are trying to find expression for the rock-bottom instincts that are often censored by the self long before a bureaucrat gets near them.

I was first in Prague in 1960, and at that time the movement hadn't even started to gather. Cinema people spoke affectionately of their best-known director, Jiri Weiss, and the famous puppet films of Trnka, and then turned to the satiric theatre and the acts in pocket night clubs, as though forms for minority audiences were the only ones that offered any hope of carrying a man's real voice. The assumption then about filmmaking in Czechoslovakia was as deadened in its way as our own commercial industry's at its most hapless. There was the same despair of speaking eloquently to many people at once, and generalizations of ideology seemed as inescapable an enemy as the generalizations of profit guesswork to the particularity of good cinema. The sudden flowering is a triumph of superior nerve, humor, seriousness, cheek. A lot of good work is cheek.

The flavor of the new films is pungent and distinct. Their point of departure is not the one we are saddled with, which assumes that audiences won't understand the oblique, that they hanker after fantasy fulfillments about face-pulping and after comedies about tax-deductible adultery, and that they need to be humored with lies about their material status as if they were suffering from some shopper's form of *folie de grandeur*. The Czech films at the Modern Museum seem to start from the assumption that everyone in the audience notices everything, that everyone is sick to death of public utterance that nibbles round the edges of things as they are, and that there is not a man left in the country who could honestly be deceived. It is a powerful context for filmmaking. I don't want to oversell all the pictures in the festival at the expense of the handful that are first-rate works of the imagination. Some of them are technically rather sedate. In one or two of them, there is a tang of the patronizing humor about eccentric "little men" which disfigured the later Ealing comedies. But all Slavs seem to possess some of Chekhov's transfiguring gift of seeing idiosyncrasy without finding it bizarre. The Czechs' ability not to diminish strangeness into quaintness is part of their natural engagement, like their absolute incapacity to shelter in banter. There are a lot of very funny things in these films, but they aren't wisecracks, and no one jokes in an adopted voice. Gags in Prague are obviously a weapon against propagandist pathos. The good boys of Stalinism were coated with a pathos like blubber, and jokes work faster than a reinterpretation of history to scrape off the lard.

IN Jiri Menzel's "A Difficult Love" (mistaken title) and in Hynek Bocan's "Nobody Laughs Last," the bureaucrats seem to be out of Gogol. There are foppish informers, minor of-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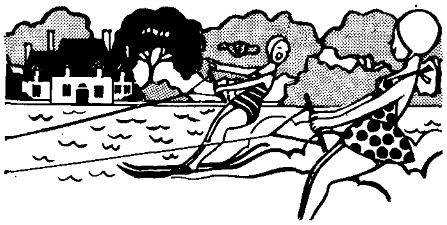
ficials with bankrolls of fat around the neck, Philistines operating as social moralists, and two ludicrous trials conducted by small-fry potentates in an ecstasy of regulations. "A Difficult Love," one of the near-Ealing comedies, is about a shy, whey-faced boy during the war who takes a job at a railway station as a likely opportunity for shirking, coming as he does from a long line of shirkers. His forebears include a hypnotist grandfather who once sufficiently roused himself to try to stop the oncoming German tanks by glaring at them in his professional capacity. He was not successful. His grandson, veins pulsing with the blood of ancestral duds, battles with sexual defeats on many sides while Nazi ammunition trains pass through the station almost unnoticed. The rest of the railway staff seems half-seas over with lechery. Their irritability about one another's pleasures is very funny, since they feel the utmost placidity about the flamboyance of their own. One of the underling officials is hauled to trial for stamping German State Railway signs on his girl friend's thighs. The human parcel blows gently on the indelible ink to make the stamps print clearly, lying with her head on what seems to be a railway-signal chart.

Hynek Bocan describes "Nobody Laughs Last" as "a comedy with a sad subtext." The hero is a clever, self-amused young art critic whose sense of humor outstrips by miles the situations of politesse and line-toeing into which he is always being put. An abysmal essayist nags him for an opinion of a manuscript and starts whining that his career depends on the famous man's endorsement. The critic, who not only hasn't read the manuscript but has also lost it, answers him with the sort of lying fob-off that is used all over the world—"Though your essay is very interesting . . ." He lives to be clobbered with that adjective. Before judgment strikes, he retreats into larking with his girl friend, a beauty who sometimes sleeps with homemade wolf fangs stuck in her mouth, rather as more dedicated women wear eye masks. Occasionally she throws a crumb or two to the rubbernecks in the opposite building by doing a one-man shadow drama of a seduction scene on the window blind. The dogged reference hunter turns up at her flat and takes her for a wife, which is a cruel cut for such a swinger. The man's distressing capacity to irritate is so insistent that even his poor plastic raincoat begins to look craven and due for extinction. Bocan's particular accomplishment is to have made the hero's send-up humor seem seriously based, as the defense of a clever man against mediocrity and fawning. But then the film begins to fill in the other face of his languorous kidding in scenes with less adroit people at his mercy and in pain. His mood is hideously out of joint in a meeting with his victim's wife, and the director's eye for her misery expands the spirit of the picture.

PRAGUE generated its own humor of the absurd long before Ionesco was born. Painstaking local apologists accommodate it now politically by explaining it as a protest against the unmanageable logic of the bomb, or, alternatively, as an indictment of itself, though I'm not sure how one indicts the depravity of the absurd by being depravingly absurd. Its reason for existence may have more to do with its funniness. Though Vera Chytilova's "The Daisies" is surprisingly analyzed by herself as "a necrologue about a negative way of life," perhaps to repel hostile boarders, it struck me as a delicately balmy and freewheeling piece of slapstick, dedicated to recording the passing impulses of two ravishing teenagers with the pre-moral interests of infants. The heroines lead lives of hedonism and chat in a world bounded by hair curlers, men, bikini underclothes, and looming, enthralling food. They have a go at an Existential conversation in the bathroom over a piece of bread, and one of them lusts unendurably for marmalade while she is being seduced. In a restaurant scene, with one girl playing a fifth wheel and the other enthusiastically enacting grown-up behavior with an understandably muted man, the redundant girl fills a silence up by remarking intelligently on the heaviness of the spoons. At the end of the film, bearing on their eyelids a good kilo each of mascara, they invade a banquet hall on an eating binge that is weirdly joyful and funny. They pummel steak tartare barehanded, and thwack cream cakes like mud pies. Lofty food in aspic goes down their gullets or onto the floor by the ton. Then they are sorry. The recantation scene is shot in remorseful black-and-white after the full-color blowout, and the sound track crackles with self-addressed mutters about doing better. The havoc artists are dressed now in penitential newspaper and string, trotting about quite cheerily and piling back wrecked food onto silver dishes as if it hadn't been turned into pig swill. A fable about



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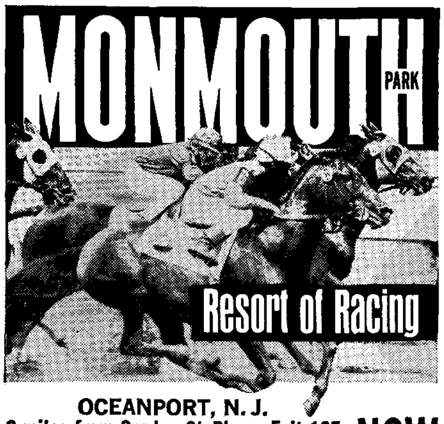

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depravity? Surely not. The first female Mack Sennett. A dainty hymn to gorging, photographed with energy and taste by the director's husband, Jaroslav Kucera, and played by dolly girls with the voice boxes of goats and the bodies of succubi.

IN Czechoslovakia, it must be a political feat to produce any film as apolitical as this, especially one that makes irresponsibility look so tantalizingly fed. But it is an achievement of a more direct sort to have made one of the season's openly political and fine-grained statements about contemporary Czechoslovakia. The three best pictures of this kind in the festival are personal, critical, and a hundred per cent alert. Evald Schorm's "Courage for Every Day" is a bold statement of self-disgust about perfect Marxism. The young and textbook hero allows himself to be exploited as a political pinup and ends by losing the regard of his friends. He subsides into alienating and inaccessible drunkenness. The script is by Antonin Masa, a troubled, speculative writer whose decorous regard for his characters' own intelligence is uncommon in film dialogue anywhere. "Wandering," directed by Jan Curik and the same Antonin Masa, who also wrote it, is an ambitious discourse that compresses into a private situation the gap between the generation that has to explain Stalinism to itself and the young who want no truck with it. The level of talk among thoughtful and bookish people is in itself exceptional in a film script. Intellectual conversation is hard enough to write in any dramatic form, even the theatrical, without making it seem planted and gesture-making. In Masa's script, the urge of the characters to understand the political past is too deep-running for the conversation to be written off even by skeptics as the mouthings of propaganda. For Masa's figures, it is as if the characters have to hound back to its roots some obscured element in themselves, and fill out a faulty memory; the drive is as plaguing as the need to recall the hours lost in a concussion. The Socialist hero of "Wandering" is heretically unhappy, half longing even to reinvent God. Although he has provoked his son to leave home and accused his fine-tuned wife of having clockwork in her head, he stares longingly in the last sequence at the sight of a family in an orchard, and seems to find it halcyon.

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Zbynek Brynych. The four dread riders of Conquest, Slaughter, Famine, and Death have been the familiars of Central Europe for centuries; "The Fifth Horseman Is Fear," says the title of this racking film, and the content implies that the worst of all fears is the one of fear itself. We are in Prague, occupied as it was by the Nazis, though there is no uniform in sight and no relief to be had in an implied past tense. A Jewish doctor, no longer permitted to practice, is employed at a warehouse full of Jews' confiscated property, which the camera scans with the look of a curator closing up a museum of relics belonging to the already dead. "Do you know what this means?" says the doctor. "We Jews are liquidating ourselves." His own self-extermination begins in his terror at daring still to think of himself as a doctor. It must be safer—a little—to obey the rules always, even inside his own skull, and to think of himself as a warehouseman. The contest with himself extends into outer life when he is called on to care for an *incriminating* wounded man. The doctor exists in a fluster of terror. The camera shoots at edgy angles; he stares at someone out of frame, looks dizzyingly up his own stairway, prowls against a stippled wall while he speaks an extraordinary soliloquy.

The technical risks that the picture takes are dazzling and to the point. He lives in an apartment house with spiral stairs. Fear grips the tenants, and marital rows blow out from under the doors like arctic drafts. Attacked by public catastrophe, people turn on their intimates as targets for useless arsenals of violent feeling. Scraps of outworn grumbles mix with the sounds of panic on the stairway. ("Not enough that I married you young and innocent . . .") The radio goes on and on—hogwash about the need for sacrifices. A music teacher tries drowning the pandemonium by playing the piano ferociously, her eyelids tugged by a nervous tic. Smooth incantations on the radio about a beloved leader mingle with a dog-lover's yelling about her dachshund. The crying of a baby begins to claw the nerves. No one is saying what he means. The uttered is nothing but fear making a noise, and the crucial finds *neither* a voice nor *anyone* to attend. We are in a land ruled by a race of suave thugs, functioning languidly within their resources and terrorizing people at the very edge of what they can manage. The film has Kafka's flavor only because this is Kafka's city and century. It creates a world of slammed doors, whispers, measures against eavesdroppers; fear of death expresses itself as exasperation with life, and lovers trying to be fond on the telephone say crossly that they have had a bad night. Children peer through chinks at adults crying and learn what they can. A woman talks to herself and rocks on her feet to and fro, wrenched with stress and the certain knowledge that no one is listening, no one at all. This is partly what the film is about: Who's listening? If someone overhears, God help us. But if no one hears—then again God help us.

The doctor has to find morphine for a dying man. The spectacle of pain fixes him back into the identity that he is likely to pay for with his life, and he goes to a night club full of fellow-Jews to look for a supply of the drug. The faces in the crush—globe-shaped heads of the drunk, the gross, and the scared—bounce against each other on the Cinemascope screen like the oranges in an orange-drink machine. No one listens to the doctor, not even members of his own people. Some of the festive go mad, and the film cuts from the dark club to a parched white asylum. When his house is searched, the doctor tries to conceal the presence of his patient by playing the violin. In the end, it is not the wanted man who gives him away but a tenant on his own stairway. His friends' support turns swiftly to fear and reprisal, and they betray themselves as cruelly as the informer betrayed someone else. Hell is not other people, says the film, but us: Judases, insufficient lovers, idealists who behave like shabby improvisers, capable at best of puny contact and a fugitive resolve for which we shall almost certainly be isolated. The film is as eloquent as any I remember about the difficulty of modern types of courage. It precisely catches the nightmare countryside of neurosis in twentieth-century extremity, a land blown through by such fear that even the contours of friendship and love can shift like the dunes of a desert in the night.

The photography, by Jan Kalis, is remarkable. So is the music; a true Czech, Brynych uses familiar snatches of concerti and symphonies as backgrounds for the nightmarish much as Hitchcock sets terror in known places lit by sunshine. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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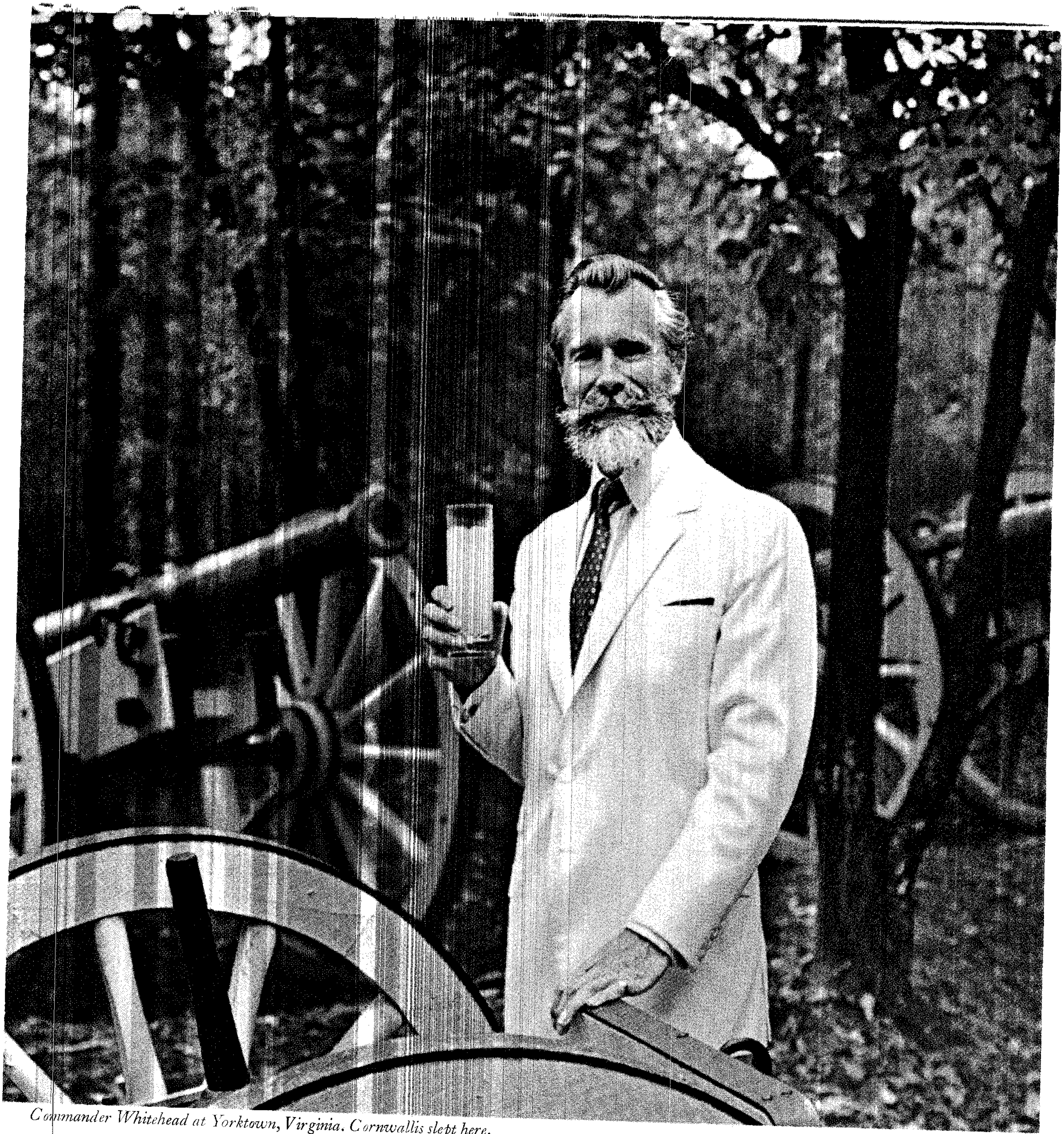
Mr. and Mrs. Geir, 1415 Portal Drive, have one other son, four-years-old. He is employed by Georgia-Pacific. —*Bellingham (Wash.) Herald.*

As a systems analyst?



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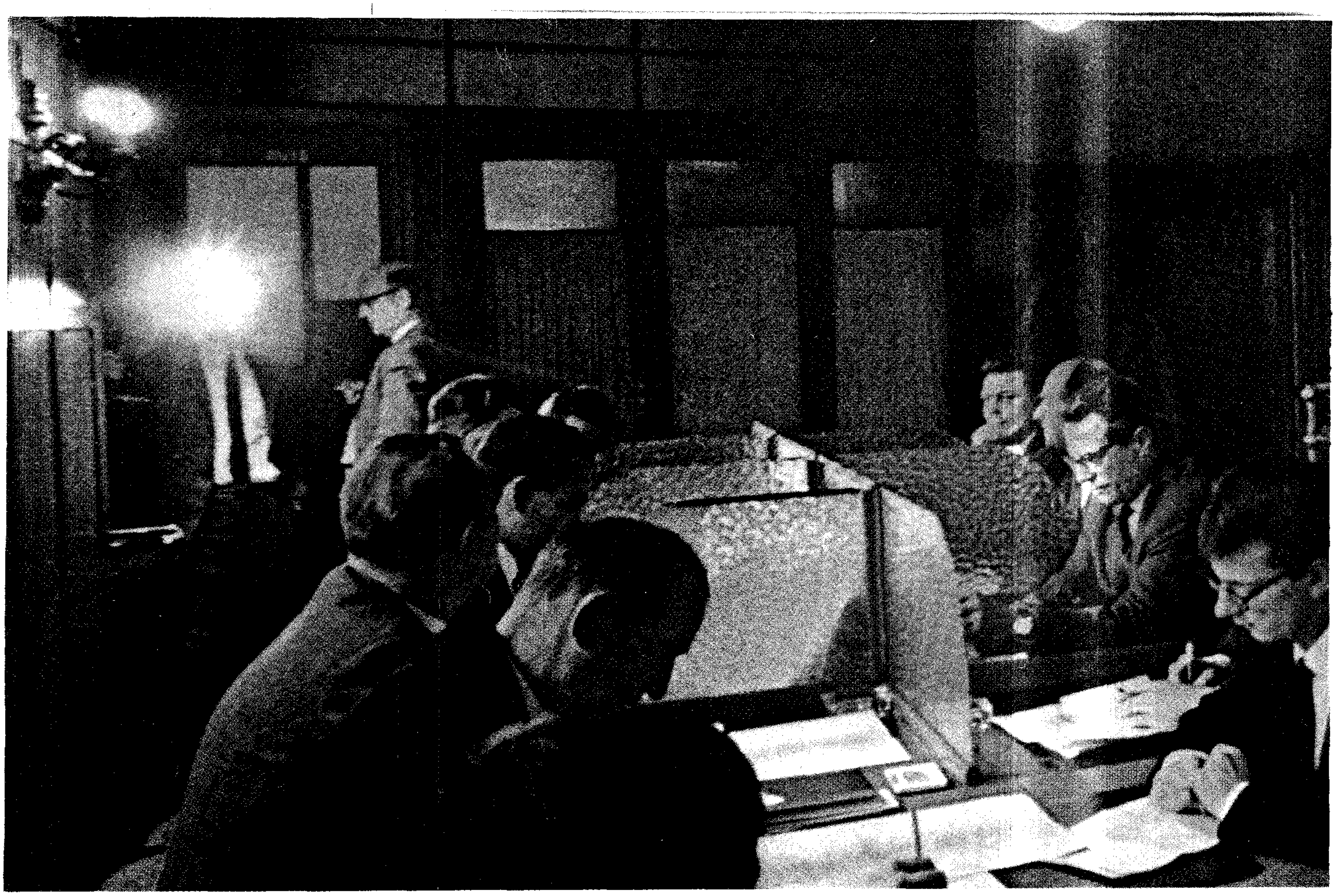

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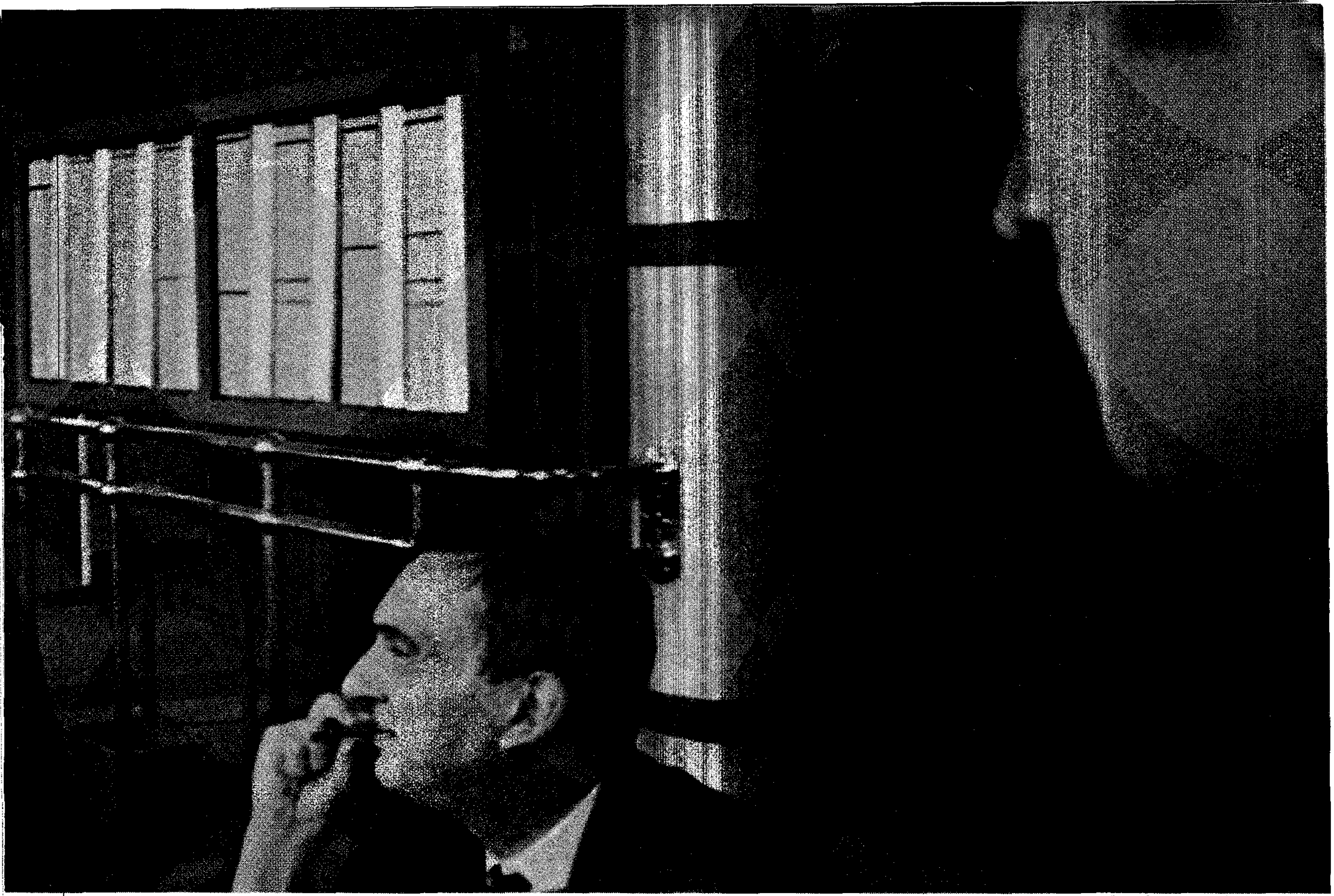

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MUSICAL EVENTS

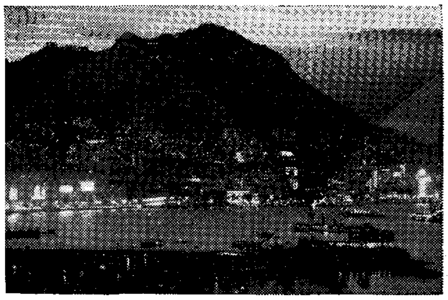
Dutch Treat

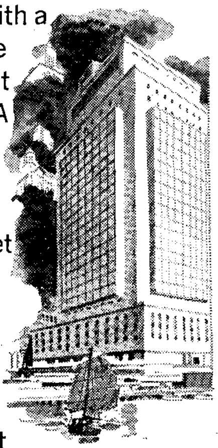
LAST Friday night, the Hamburg State Opera started a series of performances at the Metropolitan Opera House that are calculated to bring us a little more up to date where twentieth-century operas are concerned. Whether the operas to be presented will ever be additions to the well-loved standard repertory is an open question at this point. But I, for one, am thankful for an opportunity to hear a number of works that have been much talked about abroad but that have stood little chance of a full staging in New York. The first of them was the late Paul Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler."

Hindemith is, of course, a widely respected composer, whose compositions have never quite received the public acclaim that should go with this respect. "Mathis," which is about the great sixteenth-century German painter Matthias Grünewald, is his most ambitious opera, and has a libretto written by himself. This libretto, unfortunately, is very complicated, not very skillful, and not very convincing. Its main theme seems to be that an artist is bothered to distraction by everything around him—including politics, revolution, and women—and that the proper thing for him to do is ignore everything else and concentrate on his art, a proposition that is probably sound enough, if not exactly apocalyptic. We see Mathis helping the leader of a peasant revolution in Mainz to escape the authorities, much as Cavaradossi helps Angelotti in the first act of "Tosca." The second scene shows us the pressures (papal vs. Lutheran) that are worrying the Cardinal of Mainz (the Pope wants all Lutheran and secular books burned), and by the end of it Mathis has been accused of treason but is protected by the Cardinal. The third scene is in the home of one Riedinger, a wealthy citizen, where the books are being hidden away from the book burners, and where the idea is suggested to the Cardinal, in a letter from Martin Luther himself, that he ought to take up Lutheranism and marry. The obvious bride is Riedinger's daughter Ursula, who happens to be Mathis's girl friend. Next, Mathis has involved himself in the peasant revolution, but finds, after the peasants have killed a count of his acquaintance and debauched the count's wife, that he doesn't like this side of the fence much, either. The leader of the revolt is killed by the authorities, and Mathis exits with the leader's daughter Regina. After that, the Cardinal has a *crise de nerfs* and decides to become a hermit. Meanwhile, Mathis, who has fled to the woods with Regina, has various visions that presumably reveal something to him. The Cardinal appears in the form of St. Paul and advises Mathis to go home and get to work, which he does. But it is not long before Regina bothers him some more by dying in his studio, while Ursula ministers to her. Finally, the Cardinal turns up again to say farewell, and Mathis prepares for death.

If you have succeeded in wading through the previous paragraph, it will be obvious to you that "Mathis der Maler" is not—at least from the dramatic point of view—the sort of thing that will bring tears to your eyes or put you beside yourself with excitement. Mathis has no serious involvement with either of the heroines, and he is, on the whole, a remarkably unsympathetic and muddleheaded character. Moreover, there is something about the artist as hero, in an opera created by an artist—especially when the subject is concerned mainly with the artist's working problems—that seems intramural and slightly sanctimonious.

All this could be forgiven if Hindemith had written a score of overwhelming grandeur or even of direct and simple lyricism. But he did not. The only moment of expressive melody that I heard the other night was Regina's lament at the start of Scene 6. Elsewhere, there was simply a continuation of Hindemith's familiar pseudo-Bach contrapuntal machinery, grinding away more or less meaninglessly in low gear. I am afraid that "Mathis der Maler" is a bore. On the other hand, the production given it was fairly interesting. Sculptured wooden spires stood at the sides of the stage throughout the evening, proclaiming—somewhat obviously, perhaps—that the setting was Gothic and ecclesiastical. The background was a curved, quilted drop, gray in color, and, before it, changes of scene were effected by changes in furniture and other props. In most of the scenes, an architectural drawing was hung high up on the backdrop, suggesting





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the locale, which was usually an interior. The quality of the singing was generally good. Richard Cassilly, an American tenor familiar here from his work with the New York City Opera, made an imposing Cardinal. Hubert Hofmann did all that could be done with the role of Mathis. Ursula was ably sung by a soprano named Enriqueta Tarrés, who has a voice of some power, and Edith Mathis, who seemed to me the best of the lot, sang the role of Regina. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducted with accuracy.

On Saturday, things took a turn for the better with a splendid performance of Alban Berg's "Lulu," which is a masterpiece of its kind, and has awaited a New York production much too long. As a drama, "Lulu" is largely the product of Frank Wedekind, a German playwright who, as most people have forgotten nowadays, was writing Brechtian theatre a generation before Brecht. "Lulu" is basically a put-on. It is a caricature of a drama, combining farce with horror somewhat in the manner of the Brecht-Weill "Threepenny Opera," and parts of it are hilariously funny. Its principal figure, Lulu, is a *grande amoureuse* to end all *grandes amoureuses*—a "genuine, wild, beautiful animal," as the text has it. Her most consistent lover is a Dr. Schön, who has married her off to an elderly man as a matter of convenience. She is courted by a passionate painter who is using her as a model, and during one of their more libidinous encounters her husband enters the studio and instantly drops dead from shock. Lulu is delighted, and kicks the corpse with her dainty high-heeled shoe. She marries the passionate painter. Then Dr. Schön, who wants to marry someone else respectably, but keep Lulu on the leash, suggests setting her up in high style. The passionate painter, learning of Lulu's past and her arrangement with Dr. Schön, commits suicide. Lulu, as it turns out, is a dancer. While she is waiting backstage for an entrance, Dr. Schön's son, Alwa, becomes enchanted with her. Meanwhile, Lulu has discovered that Dr. Schön and his prospective bride are in the audience. Between the acts, she simulates a heart attack. Dr. Schön, of course, rushes to her side. She threatens to go off with an African prince who is among the admirers thronging her dressing room if Dr. Schön does not write a letter of farewell to his fiancée. Dr. Schön writes it. By the time Act II comes round, Lulu has married Dr. Schön, the head of a rather creepy household inhabited by an old man named Schigolch, who claims to be Lulu's father; a glamour-struck high-school boy; a circus strong man; and the Countess Geschwitz, who is a lesbian. The Countess, needless to say, also falls in love with Lulu. Dr. Schön is understandably unhappy. When he realizes that his son is entangled with Lulu, he presses a revolver into Lulu's hand and suggests that she shoot herself. Like the sensible girl she is, she shoots Dr. Schön instead. She is led off to jail, but the Countess, whose love knows no bounds, concocts a scheme to get her out. The Countess deliberately infects herself with cholera, goes to the jail and infects Lulu with it, arranges for them both to be sent to a hospital ward, and, just as they are cured, exchanges clothes with Lulu, who walks out disguised as the Countess while the latter remains to complete the jail term. Lulu, at this point, is pretty weak, but she returns to the Schön residence, has a dustup with its inhabitants, and flees to Paris and then to London with Alwa and Schigolch, presently being joined by the Countess, who has got out of jail. They all live together in a *ménage à quatre*, supported by Lulu, who has become a prostitute. Finally, one of Lulu's customers happens to be Jack the Ripper, and he kills both Lulu and the Countess. God, what a plot!

But it is much more amusing than the plot of "Wozzeck," Berg's previous opera, and the music that Berg has written, despite its serial technique, is remarkably expressive here and there. The scenery of the production, with a bouquet of loud-looking brass and percussion instruments at the rear, a couple of rope ladders, and the word "Circus" prominently displayed, was delightful. I am told that there have been more menacing and vulgar Lulus than the delectable Anneliese Rothenberger, who sang the role this time, but her playful personality gave the whole thing a bedroom-comedy air that I found agreeable. Kerstin Meyer was the Countess Geschwitz, Erwin Wohlfahrt the passionate painter, Toni Blankenheim the long-suffering Dr. Schön, and Gerhard Unger his son, Alwa. Leopold Ludwig presided ably in the orchestra pit.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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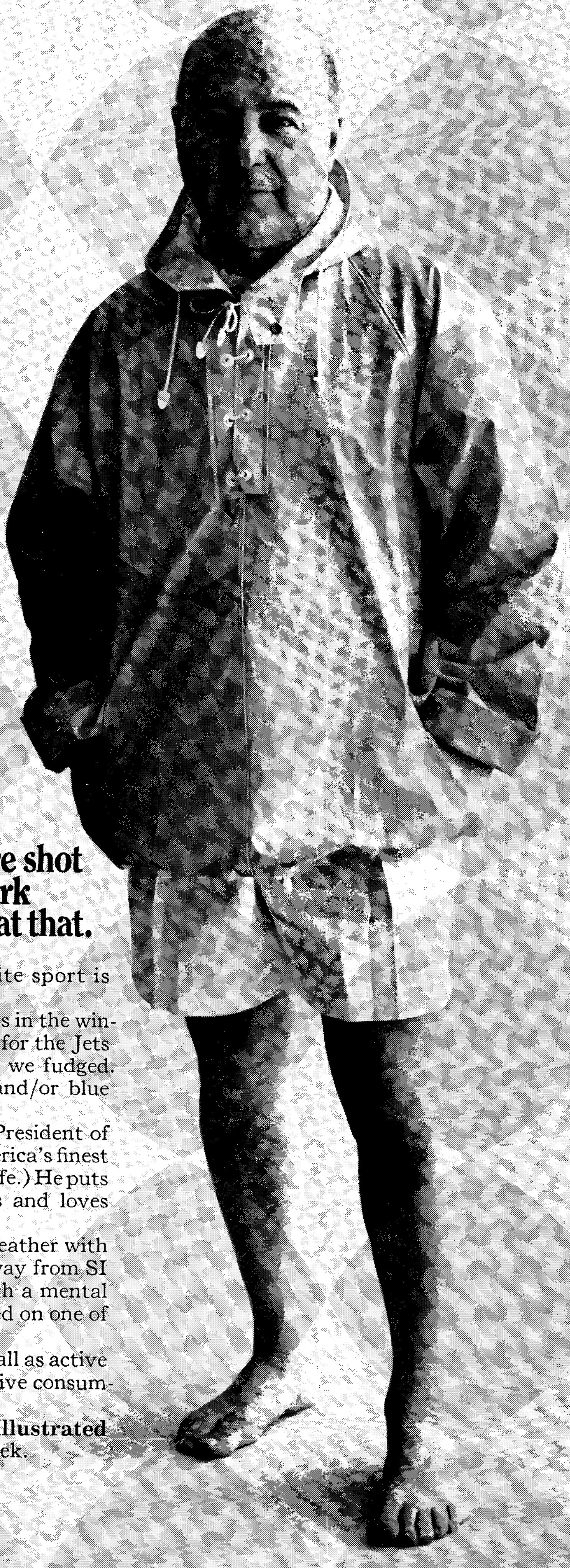
(7) A.B.C. Scope: The war in Vietnam, pro and con comments and interviews, John Scaldi, anchorman ad commentator.—*The Times.*

Next week, the Dodge rebellion.



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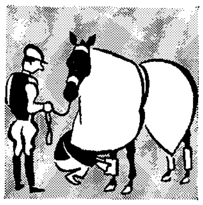
THE RACE TRACK

Canadian Special

LAST weekend, I played hooky, skipping up to Toronto for the Queen's Plate at Woodbine. Though I've seen a number of runnings of this Canadian classic, I can't remember a better one than the race last Saturday, in which Jammed Lovely, the only filly in it, brought off a 22–1 chance. She won by a neck from Pine Point, with Come by Chance third, nearly four lengths behind. From a quick start, a speedster named Ette Rule led by open daylight as they passed the stand the first time. He was followed by Jammed Lovely, Battling, and Blenheim Park, and the ten others were strung out behind them. On the backstretch, Ette Rule tired, for he'd stepped a dizzy first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half mile in 0:45⅘, and Battling and Blenheim Park, carrying the colors of E. P. Taylor's Windfields Farm, passed him. They were going so smoothly that it looked as if they'd finish one, two, but on the turn for home Jammed Lovely slipped into the lead and managed to stand off the challenge of Pine Point in the last furlong.



Jammed Lovely, a compact, well-made little bay by Jamie K. out of Eolia, was bred and is owned by Conn Smythe, who I shouldn't need to tell you invented the Maple Leafs hockey team and thirty-five years ago built the Maple Leaf Garden in Toronto, which is still the model for hockey arenas. As the horses were leaving the walking ring for the track before the race, I wished him luck and he said, "This is my eighth starter in the Plate. I won it once, with Caledon Beau in 1958, and I finished second three times, third once, and was out of the money twice, and I believe I'll win today." All spring, he has had a high opinion of Jammed Lovely. For weeks, he'd been offering to bet anywhere from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, horse against horse, that Jammed Lovely would beat anybody in the Plate that you'd name, the winnings to go to his favorite charity—aid for crippled children. He had no takers. A few days before the race, however, Jean-Louis Levesque, who is the top man of Blue Bonnets, the Montreal track, and is also the owner of a big stable, told Smythe that if his Courant d'Air won the Plate he'd give ten thousand dollars to the charity provided Smythe would do the same if Jammed Lovely won. Well, Courant d'Air finished thirteenth and so far Smythe has given ten thousand dollars to the charity and five thousand each to his trainer, Yonnie Starr, and Fitzsimmons, the boy who rode Jammed Lovely. By the way, the Smythe barn at Woodbine is the only stable I know of where champagne is on tap during visiting hours.

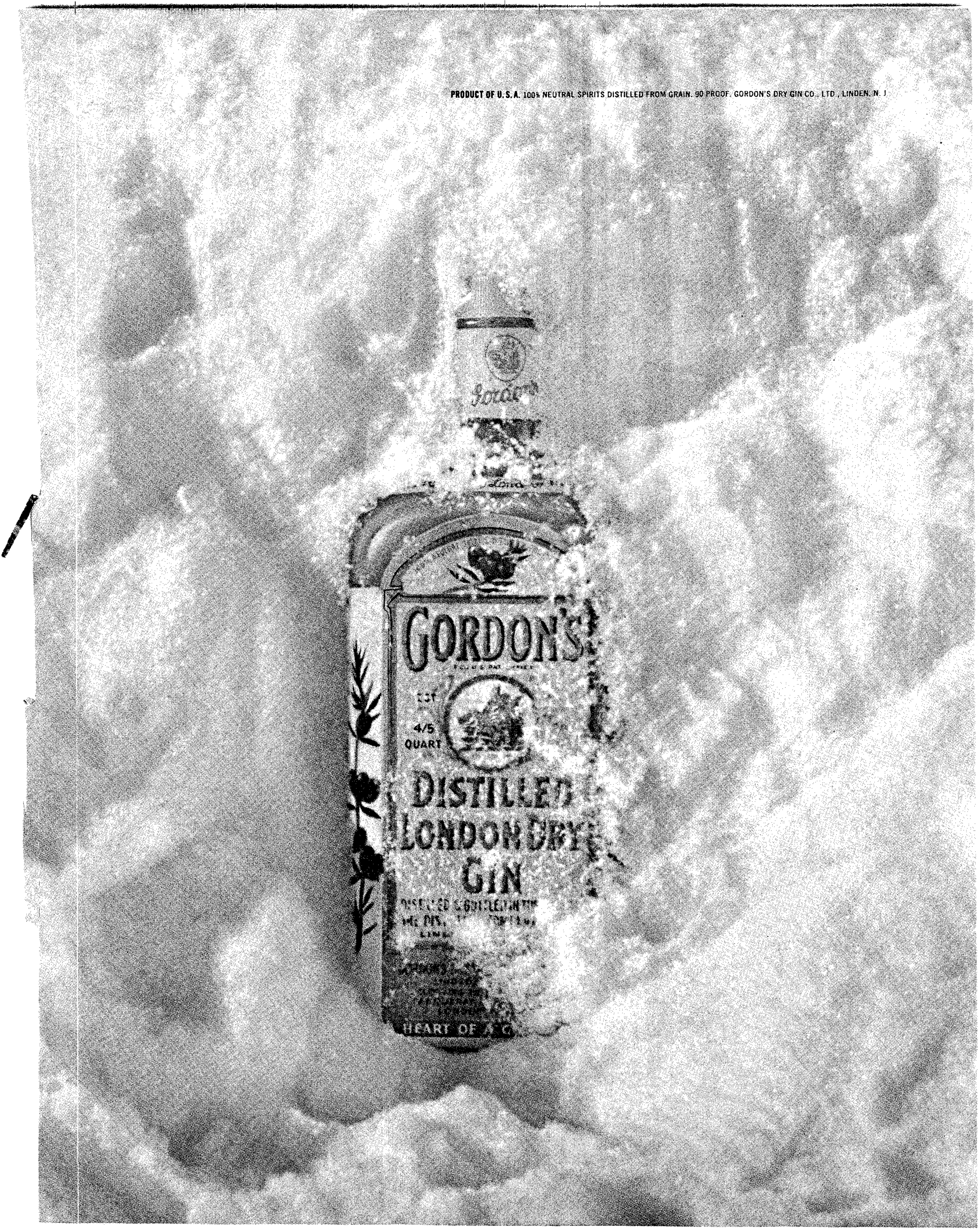
I SUPPOSE that Quillo Queen's victory in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Aqueduct last Saturday might be called a triumph of perseverance, or stamina, or maybe luck. She was second to Furl Sail in both the Acorn Stakes, at a mile, and the Mother Goose, at a mile and a furlong. In the Oaks, at a mile and a quarter, she won by seven lengths. Furl Sail finished fourth. From all accounts, Furl Sail went to the front early, as she likes to do, but this time Sumtex, a sprinter, went with her for a mile, at the end of which both were cooked, allowing Quillo Queen, who had galloped along in third place, to win as she pleased. Muse was second and Pepperwood third. Horseplayers who assess racers strictly on a time basis will be interested in a comparison of Quillo Queen's Coaching Club American Oaks with Jammed Lovely's Queen's Plate. The fractional times of the Oaks by quarters were 0:23⅕, 0:47⅗, 1:12⅕, 1:37⅘, 2:03⅖, and those of the Plate 0:22⅖, 0:45⅘, 1:10⅗, 1:36⅗, 2:03. Makes Jammed Lovely look pretty good, doesn't it?

—AUDAX MINOR

●

Elephants will get into the act when ground breaking ceremonies for the new Baraboo-Sauk County Center are held July 6. Three elephants from the Circus World Museum at Baraboo will present shovels to the participants, including *Lt. Gov. Jack Olson, Regent Maurice Pasch, Chancellor L.H. Adolfson* of the Center System, and other notables. "It is the ability of one's mind, and not his pocketbook, which should govern his chance for higher education," according to the Baraboo-Sauk County committee which has worked to build the Center.—*Memo from the University of Wisconsin Central Administration.*

Nothing wrong with an elephant's mind. They know what to do with a shovel.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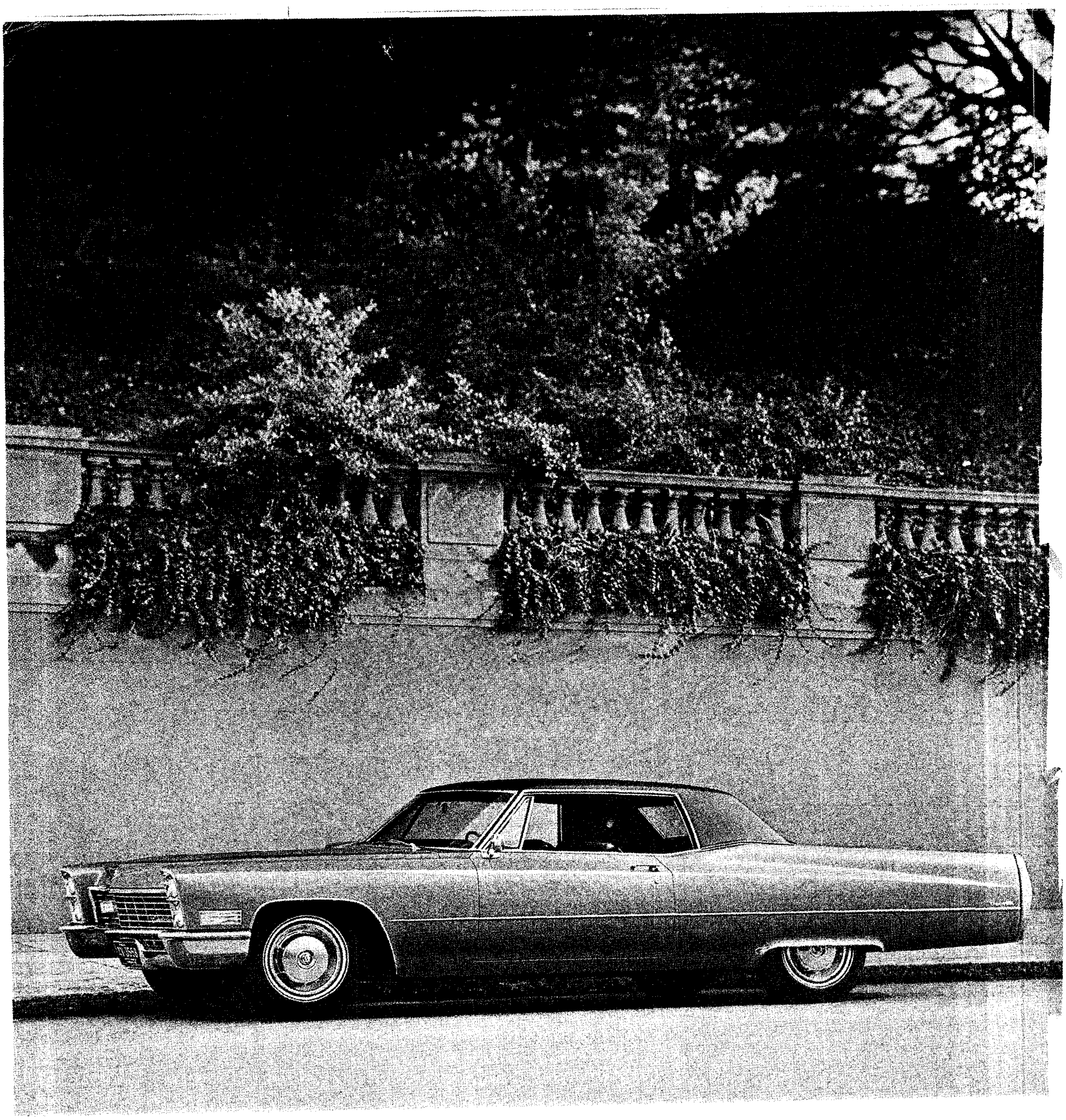

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THE ART WORLD

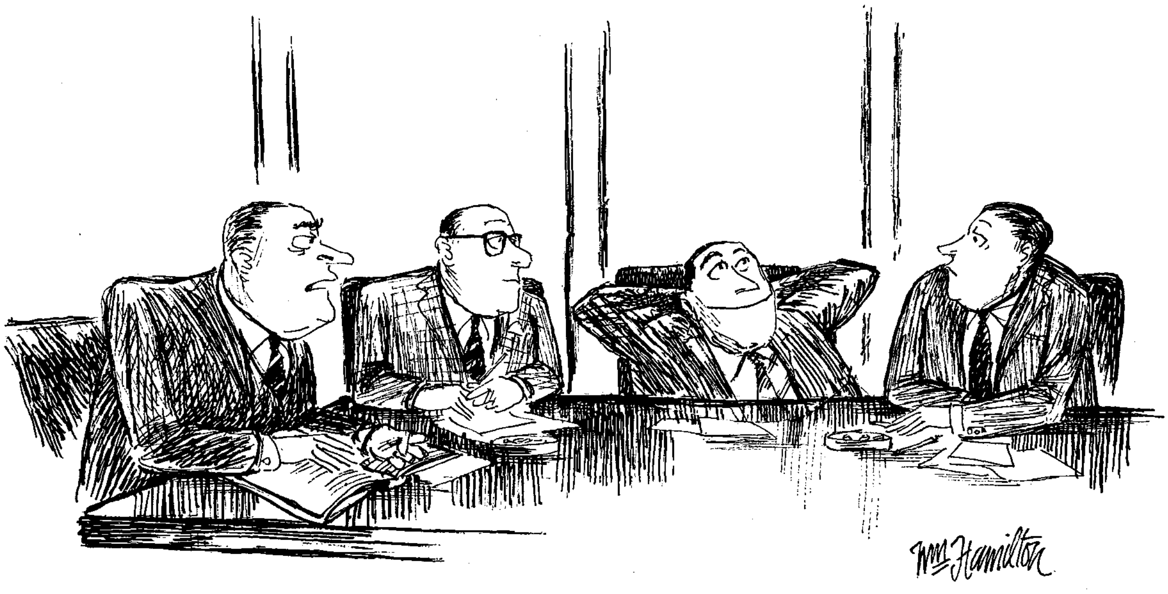
Retour de l'U.R.R.S.: A Metaphysical Excursion

A TRIP I took to Leningrad last spring was too brief to reveal anything new about Soviet art, but it did make more concrete the radical difference between art in the U.S.S.R. and art in America. This difference is not merely a difference in prevalent styles; it rests upon a fundamental dissimilarity in attitudes toward the new, in life as well as in art. It involves a different sense of time—and it proposes for our epoch a choice between continual effort at preservation and restoration as an antidote to change, and continual effort at creation and novelty. In Leningrad, there was no Abstract Expressionism, no Op, no Pop, no Happenings, no mixed media, no light ballets; also no display advertising, no new design, no cars lined up against the curbs, no cocktail lounges, no miniskirts. The contemporary-art section of the Russian Museum contains portraits of political leaders and other famous men, together with harmoniously composed pictures of such subjects as valiant sailors on board a Soviet cruiser, or a war-stricken village at night highlighted by the flames of a burning cottage. In the Soviet Union, art is unqualifiedly artistic; paintings are paintings, sculptures sculptures—not boxes of old keys and broken dolls, plastic bubbles, surfaces sprayed with dots of color, combinations of machine parts. At the Kirov Theatre, the wildest applause during an opera by Rimski-Korsakov was aroused by an empty stage set showing a storm in a forest, with huge trees rocking back and forth against a sky split by lightning while the world's most lifelike rain beat upon the foliage.

The success of art in Leningrad in maintaining its traditional identity appeared to me to point, by contrast, to the essential feature of Western modernism. For at least half a century, advanced painting and sculpture in Europe and then in America have been undergoing a revolution of de-definition. Step by step, every attribute by which paintings have been identified as paintings—including pictorial subject matter, composition, drawing, color, the painting surface, even suspension of the picture on the wall—has been stripped off. Comparable developments have been taking place in sculpture, which has lately risen in favor among artists largely because its materiality cannot altogether be wiped out. (When the image is totally eliminated, as by the artist who recently appended to the wall of his gallery a wall that simulated that wall—including its ventilators, light sockets, and so on—the work becomes a "sculpture" by the mere fact of being there.) The persistent denuding of the arts has prepared the ground for mixing them together (e.g., painting with sculpture, film, sound) and merging them into objects and situations of actual life. The reductive trend in art, whether it takes the form of abstraction, Happenings, assemblages, or light patterns, moves in the direction of destroying the identifying marks by which painting, sculpture, or music might hold on to its past; in terms of the future of art, a "purist" like Albers is in the same boat with junk salvagers like Rauschenberg or di Suvero.

None of these processes manifest themselves in present-day Soviet art, despite the fact that forty-five years ago an "end-of-easel-painting" exhibition was held in Moscow, and Constructivist painters turned to designing clothes and kitchenware. In Russia, the traditional categories of activity—and of things and people—have been reëstablished and are firmly maintained. Art is art, a spade a spade, a proletarian a proletarian. Experiment belongs in scientific laboratories, not in the studios of painters and sculptors. Applying the Soviet measure to American artists, the verdict would be: Wyeth to the museum, Albers to the paint industry, Rauschenberg to rehabilitation. In the U.S.S.R., a "primary structure" would be a building that kept out rain and cold, not an example of materialized aesthetics on the floor of an art gallery. "Minimal" art, if the Soviets had any, would be art for the retarded or for midgets. The literalism of Soviet aesthetics presupposes a world of common sense, as against the tendency in modern art to convert objects into metaphors, reduce them to ambiguous shapes, or, under the inspiration of physics and mystical philosophy, conceive them as charges of energy. Like anti-modern thinking elsewhere, Soviet criticism does not hesitate to rest its appreciation of works of art on everyday experiences. Even Trotsky, despite his vision of psychological as well as social transformation, and his belief that "a work of art should, in the first place, be judged by its own law, that is, by the law of art," compared Tatlin's aesthetically significant cylindrical "Monument to the IIIrd International" to a beer bottle, and a Lipchitz Cubist sculpture to a hat rack. Abstract works, Trotsky thought, had to justify themselves by their usefulness; otherwise they were mere "exercises" which "it is better not to let . . . out of the studio."

The common-man logic of Soviet aesthetics sets it into conflict with the recurring impulse of avant-garde art to



"Damn it all, Plimpton! I will not have any staring into space when I'm talking in ten figures!"

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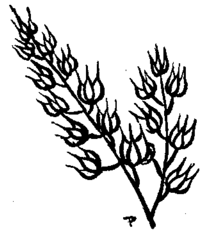
mix into reality in order to change it—an impulse that in the first decades of the Revolution deluded aesthetic radicals into regarding the Bolsheviks as their natural allies. In the Marxist-Leninist philosophy, art, like ethics, law, and religion, is one of the cultural superstructures that are built upon the foundation of a society's economics and politics and can have no effective development of their own. Whatever artists imagine they are doing in their work, Communist theory holds, they are either furthering the power of the Revolutionary classes or helping keep things as they are. The practice of the aesthetic avant-garde of putting art and reality on the same plane made it guilty, in the eyes of the Marxist-Leninists, of the heresy of "Leftism." In a more immediate sense, its notion that everybody can be a principal in the movement of social transformation was bound to appear as an abomination to the party of professional revolutionists. In her indispensable book "The Great Experiment: Russian Art 1863–1922," Camilla Gray tells of the conflict between Bogdanov, Proletcult theoretician of an autonomous cultural road to Socialism, and Lenin, who demanded that all organizations, cultural included, be under the central Party administration.



Whatever effects the theory of superstructures may have had in politics—according to Hannah Arendt, it has prevented the setting up in Russia of a viable state—in art it amounts to a sententious formulation of the practical man's wisdom that material needs come before things of the mind, and that the latter ought to serve the former and not pursue ends of its own. "Art," wrote A. Y. Arosev, President of the All-Union Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, in 1935, "plays the role of a specific weapon [*sic*] for gaining knowledge of reality." In Russia, the conviction that "reality" stands waiting to be grasped by an educational art was prevalent long before Bolshevism; it was the basis of the populist aesthetics of the eighteen-sixties, which Chernishevsky summed up in his statement that "the true function of art is to explain life and comment on it." Setting up reality as the goal of art can lead aesthetically to almost anything: it justifies the realism of Courbet, the primitivism of Klee, the Abstract Expressionism of Kandinsky. Among the Bolsheviks, it led to a singular locking together of ideology and academicism, as the "Leftists" (Kandinsky, Malevich, Tatlin, Rodchenko, and scores of others) quit Russia or were shunted into non-controversial activities, and art became subservient to the views and tastes of Party personages empowered to decide what reality is for art at any given moment. By 1932, the ruling bureaucracy was ready to promulgate its program of Socialist Realism as the exclusive aesthetic of Soviet society. By this step, the situation of art in the U.S.S.R. was made roughly equivalent to that in earlier authoritarian civilizations; not only was modernist experiment extinguished but also the conditions upon which modernism feeds—most centrally, the troubling historical awareness that continuing progress in new, scientifically based, socially useful skills that parallel painting and sculpture (e.g., photography, the popular arts, industrial design, light and color research) has put the future of art into question.

In the Soviet Union, the artist's vocation was clearly marked off and moved into a neutralized zone. His function was to give "artistic form," with the accompanying traditional connotations of nobility and permanence, to the "content" chosen by his patron, the State. This elevation of Soviet life could be accomplished by nothing less than the "fine arts," sustained as they were by the prestige of past aristocracies and clerical cultures. No motion picture, abstract construction, no white-on-white could raise such themes as Stalin conferring with Lenin, or the first congress of workers, peasants, and soldiers, to the plane of fifteenth-century tapestries depicting the life of Alexander the Great or Veronese's "The Marriage at Cana." The use of art to glorify Soviet fact with the aura of past greatness is implicit in the synopsis of the history of art in Russia since the Revolution that was recited by the All-Union president, though Western artists and intellectuals have been slow to recognize its backward-looking character. "Instead of those currents [Mr. Arosev is referring to "Futurism, Cubism, Constructivism, etc."], which in their numerous theoretical manifestos and by their whole practice had urged the necessity of breaking with the art of past centuries, there came [a marvellous instance of the bureaucratic indefinite] other currents, which took a different attitude to the cultural heritage of the past. In spite of the movement of the 'Leftists,' the real historic development of Soviet art proceeded on the principle of *critical assimilation of the art of past centuries*." (His italics.) Cubism was, of course, also a "critical assimilation" of past art, but in the U.S.S.R. the point of the assimilation was to leave the appearance of masterpieces intact while slipping in the new themes, like faces in the cutouts of an old flashlight studio. These themes have remained intact decade after decade: Soviet leaders and heroes, episodes of Russian wars and uprisings, workers in heavy industry, peasants on collective farms, Russian landscapes and ethnic types, domestic and group occupations of women. Emotional qualities are also predetermined; as Soviet art is artistic, Soviet labor is happy, Soviet farming is picturesque, Soviet people are affectionate and courageous, and Soviet leaders are handsome, kindly, and far-seeing.

In dedicating himself to these "realities," the Soviet artist is restored to the pre-modern role of the craftsman who fills orders for art products, from war memorials to porcelain figurines for the mantelpiece. The relation between art and society is fixed, and the status of the official styles is guaranteed by the extinction of radical modernist "currents." The Soviets can rightly claim that they have conferred upon the artist a state of security lacking since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. Above social and economic security he has achieved metaphysical security. Problems of change, both in art and in the conditions of art, have been taken out of his hands; he need no longer speculate about the nature and value of this activity. While his work may fall out of favor, he need not anticipate its being rendered obsolete by sudden changes of taste, inseparable in democracies from changes in fashion. Most important, problems of creation, so disturbing to Western artists and art educators, since they involve transformations of the whole self, are reduced in the Soviet scheme to the operational concept of artistic talent as the natural capacity to respond successfully to the requirements of an accepted style. With the Party ideology as intellectual background—in place of the clash of art movements that marks modernist creation—Russian art is serenely professional. Removed from history by the Party's monopoly on reality, and protected by decree against the erosion of its identity by the historical consciousness, Soviet art is exempt from the nervous scrutinizing of trends and possibilities that animates art else-

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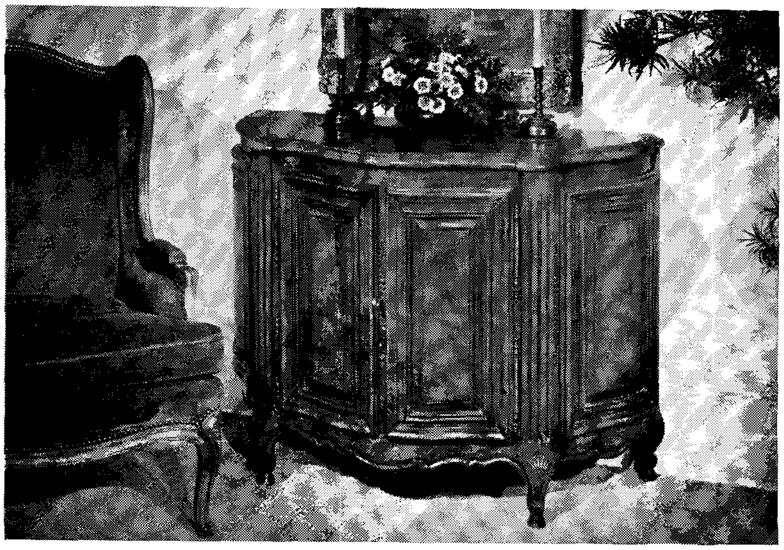

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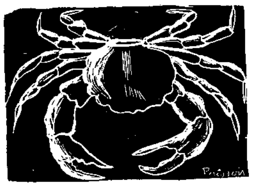
THE contemporary section of the survey of Russian painting from the fifteenth century to the present at the Gallery of Modern Art might lead one to believe that conditions have changed in Soviet art and that painting is now no longer required to be a "weapon" of reality. Here is work done in the past thirty-five years that is influenced by Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Abstract Expressionism, assemblage, Surrealism, and, inevitably, Russian folk art. Not a single example of those portraits and history paintings that fill the galleries of the Russian Museum is included. The closest one gets to this type of work is the full-length portrait of his son done in 1894 by Ilya Repin, one of the honored figures of Socialist Realism. A continuity is thus suggested between present-day Russian painting and the sampling of works by Kandinsky, Malevich, Chagall, Larionov, Gontcharova, Tatlin, Jawlensky, and Rodchenko presented in the survey, though in fact these Leftists are better known in the West than in Stalin's or post-Stalin Russia. From the years around the First World War to the early twenties, experimental modernists produced the only important development in Russian painting since the centuries of the icon. Before they were dispersed to other countries by the war and the Revolution, or pushed into obscurity by the Party, they gave an original cast to the whole range of modern modes, from primitivism and adaptations of peasant art to pure abstraction. The Gallery exhibition includes interesting early works by Malevich, several minor Chagalls, an important Kandinsky, the excellent "Non-Objective Painting" (1919), by Rodchenko, and "Construction" (circa 1922-23), by Lissitzky, as well as a beautiful small oil of a standing nude by Tatlin, dated 1947, when the artist was painting "on the side" while devoting his major time to technical work.

Nothing could be more misleading, however, than the impression that the experimentalists of the first quarter of the century were followed by modernists of today. The current work at the Gallery consists largely of items from the collection of Mrs. Nina Stevens, the Russian-born wife of an American journalist in Moscow, who picked them up in artists' studios and from other private sources as opportunities arose. Many of the paintings are undated, and in no instance is there information as to where they came from or with what local influence, if any, they are associated. A composition entitled "Bleeding Buffalo, Female," by Otto Varazi, which consists of an old pair of paint-stained work pants crushed into a mass that manages to resemble a bovine face, would qualify for a group show of assemblages on Tenth Street, but there is no note on Varazi in the catalogue and no indication as to when or where he produced his fabric sculpture—for all one knows, he may be an Italian influenced by early Burri, who spent a month in Russia and left some works with a neighbor. "Enchanted House," by A. Kharitonov, reminds one of the fantastic architectural images of Monsù Desiderio, the seventeenth-century "Surrealist," but Kharitonov, we are told, has never exhibited his work before. Another artist, Anatoli Zverev, "has relied on private collectors in Moscow," and Dmitri Plavinsky, whose pseudo-assemblages and reliefs, showing some acquaintance with Dubuffet, are featured among the Stevens selections, has also exhibited "only privately," though he has apparently been selling well to non-Russian collectors. Two or three of the exhibitors—for example, Vladimir Weisberg, an Impressionist—have official credentials, and Robert Falk, a post-Cubist of the Leftist generation who died a decade ago, has recently been accorded exhibitions by the Moscow Artists' Union. But while there seems to be nothing to prevent individuals from painting any way they like in the U.S.S.R. today, the public life of art is still strictly inhibited, and Socialist Realism is, by all evidence, still the art of the Soviet system. At the opening of the exhibition, Mrs. Stevens told me, a Soviet representative complained that the contemporary paintings shown were not typical, and this judgment must be allowed to stand.



LOOKED at through the Leningrad telescope, the shaky state of art in the United States appears as a highly desirable condition. Work of the official Soviet variety is produced in the United States, too—the reader will have noted resemblances between Socialist Realist high art and American commercial illustration and the techniques and values associated with the crafts—but what is called art here is largely something else. It is work that embodies the problematical nature of art in our time, that questions itself and, in so doing, also questions reality. Here, painting and sculpture are professions engaged in disengaging themselves not only from other professions but from what has been established as their proper subjects. As Pollock's defiant paint-throwing captured a foothold in the tradition of painting, the artist himself abandoned his invention and sought a new path to the edge of art. At the height of its affirmation as an aesthetic mode, Action Painting gives way to Happenings and to Pop, which are in turn succeeded by new borderline researches in optics and aesthetics. Under the pressure of the mass media and of industrial design, image-making and form are fused into everyday life, and the incessant activity of consciousness becomes a property of physical things. Di Suvero builds sculptures out of the beams of wrecked buildings, and Oldenburg de-aestheticizes bath fixtures by sewing them together out of cloth. The old idea of art as a mirror (fixed for desired distortions) held up to nature has in practice given way to the idea of art as a power of the free mind. In Leningrad, where advertising images are all but nonexistent and tables and chairs continue to be reproduced in the designs of forty years ago, things appear more solid than in New York; perhaps it is only an effect of their being old-fashioned. Enemies of modernism should be visually happier there than in Manhattan or the Loop. Leningrad itself, with its palaces, cathedrals, and broad, radiating boulevards, is a restored historic landmark, a kind of Williamsburg of the Czarist and Revolutionary past. In this worshipful atmosphere, the constant loss of identity by Western painting and sculpture becomes the paradigm of the changing identity of man in our epoch. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

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by Irene Kampen
A blow-by-blow description of the harried preparations and wild confusion that for some reason just have to be part of the official wedding picture. This wonderfully, rollicking story is centered on the author's daughter, who is about to be married. Any mother who has ever experienced this phenomenon can't afford to miss this book. If nothing more, it will restore her sense of humor as she reads about the woes of another mother who has lived through the first ructions of the invitation list, the gown picking turmoil and all the other endless complications that go along with getting daughter safely down the aisle.
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by Charles E. Frank
An amusing and informative account of a college professor's twelve-month sabbatical in Europe with his family: of the people they encounter, and of the hilarious events that occur during their foot-loose adventures through England, Italy, and France. Filled with tips for tourists, this charming book will be enjoyed by anyone who has ever traveled, or would like to.
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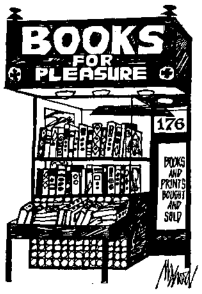
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Brothers in Arms, by Hans Hellmut Kirst, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Harper & Row). A novel of bad conscience. The guilt on display is more or less shared by six comradely German veterans, and it had its origin in the confusions and expediencies of the last days of the Second World War. Mr. Kirst is concerned with showing us the troubles that may spring from a brush with evil, but the cast he has assembled to demonstrate his ideas is a caricature (the self-made tycoon, the wily lawyer, the mocker, the innocent, the brute, the bulldog detective, the wayward daughter), and he tells his story in a sarcastic voice that makes it even harder for us to take him very seriously. The scene is a small city in West Germany.


BOOKS
FOR
PLEASURE
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BOOKS AND PRINTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

A Ride on the Milky Way, by Marguerite Dorian (Crown). In the first half of this very sentimental novel, Ania, the romantic Rumanian heroine, falls in love, at the age of nine, with a French puppeteer, an older man, who teaches her the magic of puppeteering before returning to his base in Paris. In the second half, about ten years later, Ania heads for Paris to find him and his puppets. Along the way, she meets a nice boy her own age, and when she gets there she is disillusioned, sweetly. There is less emphasis on the substance of the characters than on the way people look and smell, and events, including the death of a little boy and an abortion, are subordinate to the changing of the seasons.

GENERAL

The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs (McGraw-Hill). Albie (Albert Louis) Sachs is a young South African lawyer—white, Jewish, leftist—who was arrested in the fall of 1963 under his country's medieval (but brand-new) ninety-day detention law and held without charge in solitary confinement in various Cape Town jails for nearly six months. His book, despite its title, is not a diary in either fact or form (in the early weeks of his incarceration, he was denied writing materials, and by the time he was allowed pen and paper he had learned that "there is only one safe place for my thoughts: in myself") but a recollection in tranquillity, in England, of that brutal experience. It is a stirring document, rich in insight ("Sleep has no geography. I could be at home. That is why each awakening is a shock"), in revelation ("My excitement grows as I contemplate cleaning the comb. There is no need to rush, I tell myself. Special activities must be savored; the anticipation is half the fun"), and in honesty ("I suck up to the police. There is no other phrase for it. I don't actually crawl to them, but I am so eager to win their approval"), and a genuine contribution to the literature of punitive solitude.

The Life That Late He Led: A Biography of Cole Porter, by George Eells (Putnam). A first-class biography—sympathetic, evocative, and sensible—of the late composer by a much younger friend. Porter was born rich, married a rich girl, made a fortune writing some of this century's best songs, and spent it all amid stylish friends and scenes. He always tried to conceal his great anxieties and immense sufferings. According to Mr. Eells, Porter worried terribly about the quality and the reception of his work. The composer did have ups and downs (as who does not?), but it is stunning to read that one classic score after another was first greeted by critics as a comedown from Porter's formerly high level. Porter's illnesses, and those of his beloved wife, clouded their lives, and Porter himself lived, worked, and smiled for decades in intense pain. It is always hard to get a creative personality on paper, but Mr. Eells has shown Porter's uniqueness: an odd, charming mix of talent, courage, generosity, frivolity, and neurosis.

To Be Young Was Very Heaven, by Marian Lawrence Peabody (Houghton Mifflin). These girlhood memoirs of a Boston lady Brahmin who was born in 1875 were extracted and assembled from the author's youthful diaries and reflect an era when the young were not expected—or even allowed—to sulk. The author's bent was for reporting, not introspection—as she notes after reading Marie Bashkirtsev: "I don't write all my thoughts in my diary . . . but that is the difference . . . between a European girl and a New England one." Her cheery, well-written book gives a marvellous notion of the subtle style of old-time upper-class Boston. This involved having both ancestors and relatives. (The author's husband, whom she married in 1906, when this book closes, was a cousin, and theirs was the fifth Peabody-Lawrence intermarriage in two generations.) It also required both money and a distant attitude toward it (when the author won a cash prize at art school, her father, the Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, suggested that she give it to the runner-up); lots of improving travel (though the author was twenty-six before she suspected the existence of Kalamazoo); good works aplenty; and countless easy, intimate meetings with the great (the President of the United States, the Archbishop of Canterbury). Even the slum boys at a settlement club the author ran (she took them to Groton to play baseball) grew up to be people like judges. Rich, kind, stuffy, cultivated, and unpretentious—old Boston was, as they say, a nice background. More to the point, it makes for entertaining reading.

PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE TODAY, edited by Sidney Morgenbesser (Basic Books). Professor Morgenbesser, of Columbia University's philosophy department, has assembled a collection of essays, written by some of the best-known centemporary philosophers, about the logical and philosophical structure of science. Many of the essays are brilliant: for example, S. C. Kleene's discussion of "computability," addressed to the question of the logical limitation of digital computers, and Hilary Putnam's review of current thinking on the inductive method, or non-method, in science. It is not a book for the casual reader, and it is also not a book for anyone interested in the metaphysical and moral lessons of science. There are a few contemporary thinkers, like Teilhard de Chardin, who profess to be able to see philosophical and religious themes in the quantum theory, but it is not a very popular exercise with modern scientists. As the authors of these essays show, there is plenty to think about even if one confines oneself to the somewhat more pedestrian prob-

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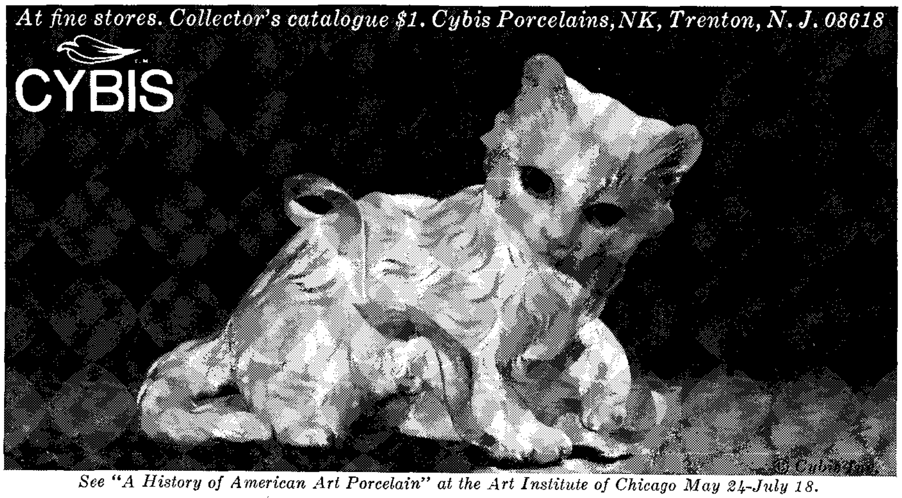

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

GAME WITHOUT RULES, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row). Lamperdown is a tiny village in Kent. "Everyone in Lamperdown knew that Mr. Behrens, who lived with his aunt at the Old Rectory and kept bees, and Mr. Calder, who lived in a cottage on the hilltop outside the village and was the owner of a deerhound called Rasselas, were the closest of close friends. They knew, too, that there was something out of the ordinary about both of them. Both had a habit of disappearing." Mr. Behrens and Mr. Calder, middle-aged bachelors both, are British Intelligence agents, and here Mr. Gilbert gives us eleven fine stories that explain at least eleven of their frequent absences from home. "The Headmaster," for example, is about a master spy of impenetrable anonymity who possesses the "combined knowledge of a Cabinet Minister, a senior civil servant, and a don." This formidable person, who is also an expert killer, lives and works somewhere in the center of London. Tracking him down is dangerous work, but dangerous work is what the Messrs. Behrens and Calder excel at. Mr. Gilbert, a very good writer who can conjure up the pleasures of a comfortable country inn in snowy weather with as much enthusiasm as he brings to the identification of a uniformed skeleton discovered in a chalk cave under an old Kentish elm tree, has given us an evening of pure joy in this collection of tales.

•

High school graduates show a better attitude in industry than college graduates do, the president and general manager of Frigidaire Products of Canada Ltd. said yesterday.

He [E. V. Rippingille, Jr.] said he likes "the rambunctious guys who like to get going. . . .

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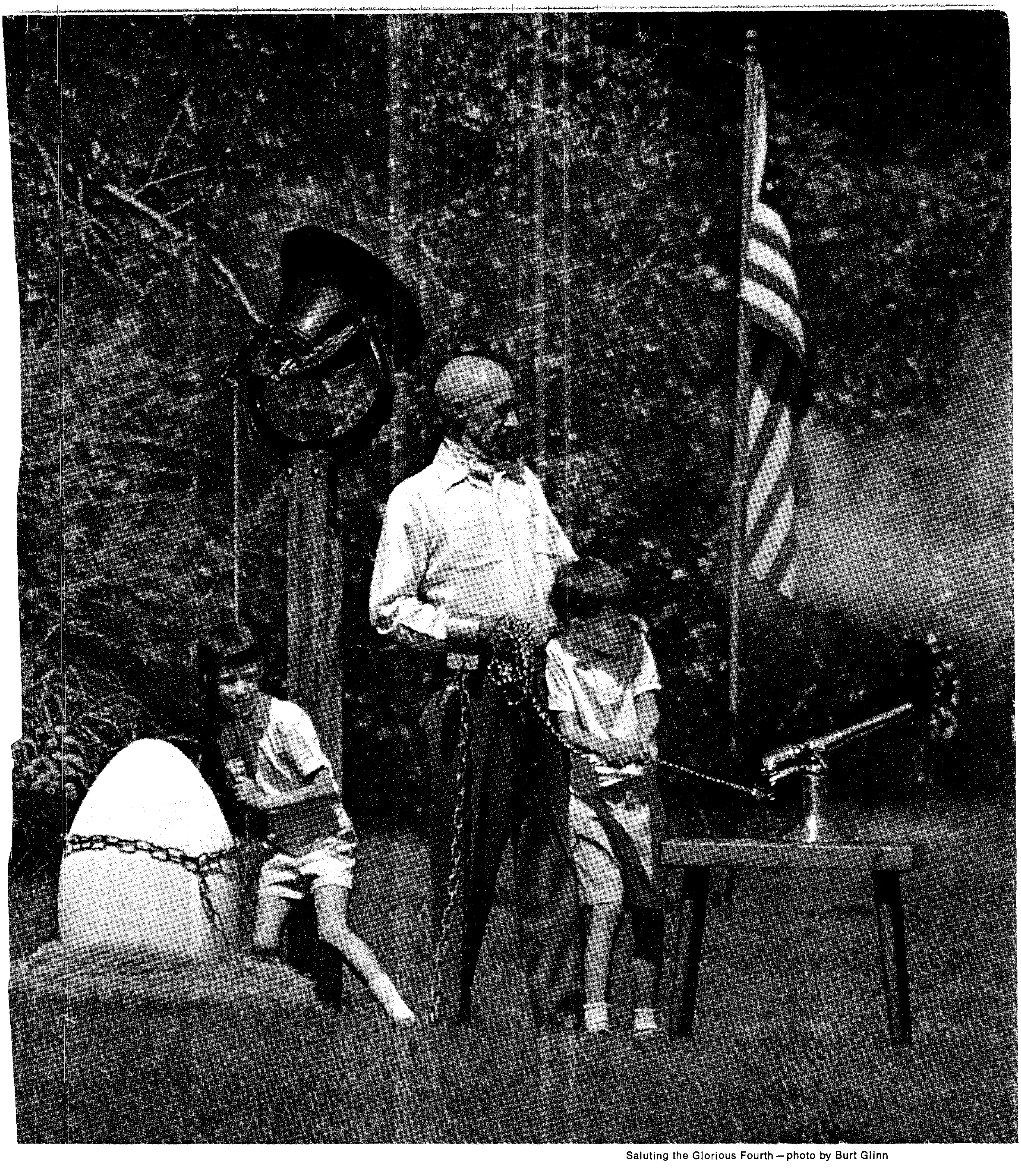

Saluting the Glorious Fourth — photo by Burt Glinn

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